



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Front Page.

SIXTEEN years have passed away since the first contracts were let in connection with the building of the new City Hall in Toronto. Six years have glided by since the new building was formally taken over and occupied. While time has been elapsing in this fashion a great deal of burnt money has curled up the flues—mayors and councils have come and gone, landmarks have tottered and fallen, and a hundred thousand people live here now who were not in Toronto when we began the civic buildings. But Mr. E. J. Lennox, the architect, does not seem a day older than when he undertook this job. He has seen eight or ten mayors inaugurated with pomp and pride; he has seen them sink back into the abyss of private life, baffled in their desire to know when the City Hall would be really finished and how much the architect's bill would be. Mayors Urquhart, Howland, Macdonald, Shaw, Fleming, Kennedy, Clarke came into office and went out, but none of them could pry the architect away from the civic buildings he had built or extract from him a plain statement as to what he was going to charge in full for the services nobody could make him quit rendering. Each mayor on retirement has left an overdraft and Mr. Lennox on the hands of his successor. For years it was the boast of each new mayor that he would make Mr. Lennox walk the carpet in short order, but none of the last three or four mayors—none at any rate since the beginning of the present century—have bothered much about him. His bill was like a forty-year bond, it belonged to some future period. If a mayor could dodge through his term of office without settling with Mr. Lennox he was willing enough to do it, and if Mr. Lennox could retain his lien on the property that appeared to satisfy him. He knows that some day he has got to be settled with, and he knows on what basis. Nobody else knows that.

Here is a city swarming with lawyers who, as taxpayers, are interested in this question; the City Council has been sprinkled with lawyers during all these years; the municipality is supposed to have a very good legal department, and yet nobody has been able in ten years to suggest a way by which Mr. E. J. Lennox could be made to present a quit-claim and come to a settlement with the city. He will settle when he is good and ready. It now looks as if he would be ready soon. But it has looked like that several times within the recollection of the older inhabitants. There is but the roof to fix now. There has been but the roof to fix for a long time past, but the roofer seems astonishingly indifferent about doing the fixing and getting the \$5000 balance that awaits him.

It was the trouble over the Neelon contract that gave Architect Lennox his unbreakable hold on the City Hall, and only the courts can decide what his services were worth and how long they lasted. It is safe to guess that the bill has not been shrinking during the delay in presenting it, and, it is bound to be the cause of a stiff lawsuit. Mr. Lennox naturally takes pride in that City Hall. It's a pretty fine building. If the municipality had got a settlement with him for his claim under the Neelon contract while there remained anything to be done about the premises, an amicable adjustment would have been possible. But the city has been so placed, or has so mismanaged the matter, that Mr. Lennox has for years been carrying around with him a blank cheque which he can fill in at any time with almost any amount he likes. So far he has been paid \$61,000. He may ask another \$25,000. He may ask \$100,000. Toronto has a fine City Hall, but 'twas a clever man that built it.

REPRESENTATIVES of the Toronto General Hospital have been inviting the Ontario County Council to make a grant towards the new institution to be erected here. Dr. Kaiser of Oshawa favors the proposal provided that on one train a day suitable ambulance equipment be provided for use if necessary in conveying patients from points along the line to Toronto. He suggests a bed buckled to the ceiling of a baggage car, which could be lowered if required for use, but which at other times would be out of the way. Some plan of this kind should be carefully thought out by the hospital authorities. When this city possesses a great hospital, serving an extensive country, better facilities than those that now exist, for carrying patients, will be needed. Dr. Kaiser's suggestion is simple and inexpensive, but is it enough to meet the case? People in the last stages of sickness are traveling daily—why should not a big railway company have, in addition to ambulance equipment in baggage cars, hospital coaches for use when required? Or why could not a great hospital like the one we are to have in Toronto, build coaches of its own, which any railway could haul as desired.

Another possibility of the future would be that a town like Oshawa or Whitby could have its own ambulance, which, when necessary, could run to Toronto on the electric road and convey patients to the hospital doors. This would be a modern convenience of the highest utility. There will not be such another hospital in the province as the Toronto General, and its benefits should be widely conferred. People in outside places would be generous in their support of the new institution if details could be so worked out that they would see in advance the advantages they are to receive.

Towns along the radial lines in conferring electric railway franchises should look into the serviceability—what might be called the inter-municipal serviceability—of a radial system. A town like Oshawa might very well own a trolley ambulance that could run, when necessary, to the provincial hospital in this city over a free right-of-way. Towns like Oshawa, Whitby and Bowmanville could have uniform fire protection appliances—standard hose, couplings and all that—with, in each town, trolley equipment, so that two of the towns could at any time come speedily to the aid of the other in case of fire and render effective assistance. No doubt many such plans will be worked out as time goes on.

THE re-election of Mr. E. J. B. Pense, the Liberal candidate in Kingston on Monday, is quite as remarkable as the weather we have been having lately. Cable the news around the world that at last in this province a by-election has gone against a government! As a rule the people of this country like to keep the buttered side up in a by-election. They hate to disappoint a Premier or discourage men who are toiling with vexing figures dealing with proposed public expenditures. Although this is not the first time that a by-election has gone against a government, it is the most notable instance of it in recent years. The Whitney Government had swept the province. The party in power is numerically stronger than any government the province ever has had. Not a snag has been struck in its career. The Opposition has scarcely

moved a hand that anybody has noticed or spoken a word that anybody has heard, since the day it was crushed beyond recognition at the polls. And yet the people of Kingston have re-elected the Liberal member after he had been unseated.

Is it meant as a rebuke to the Whitney Government, and if so, for what? Is it meant as an encouragement to the Liberal Opposition? It will serve this purpose to some extent, although whether in a way profitable to the party may be doubted. It may not be an advantage for the Liberal party to be misled into supposing that reorganization and the bringing forward of new men into leadership is now shown to be unnecessary. If it is assumed that the tide has turned it will be a mistake, for the tide does not turn without an adequate cause. The reason for the success of Mr. Pense must be local and largely personal. He had a party majority there and he was personally strong enough to hold it notwithstanding the fact that his party has pretty much gone out of existence for the time being in provincial affairs.

Premier Whitney did not need another supporter in the Legislature. He has enough, and perhaps, at times, he feels that he could handle his task better if he had a narrower majority and stronger reasons for insisting that his followers should stand together and obey signals from headquarters. Both sides can take some satisfaction from the result in Kingston—one side because they won, and

ally should keep an eye on those who are so generously seeking to merit the election support of the large army of voters who are on the municipal payroll.

The proposed wage of two dollars per hour is so generous that it is unjust. It would never be except by men handing out other people's money. A short time ago it was decided to give corporation laborers the Saturday half-holiday, but as this half-holiday is so generally observed in Toronto, people did not object. Yet it increased the laborer's pay from 20 to 21 1-3 cents per hour, and now Controller Ward wants the wage increased to 24 cents per hour. The proposal is unjust. There is nothing to justify it—nothing to explain it but a desire to give everybody everything they want in dealing with so easy a paymaster as the city. The present aim appears to be to win the championship belt for selfishness now held by Santa Claus.

No sound reason has ever been given why laborers in the employ of the city should be regarded as family pets and lifted up out of the competitive labor market. Nobody has as yet made out a good case in favor of this plan of establishing a guaranteed wage for tax-eating laborers, while tax-paying laborers have to shuffle for themselves. But even if a minimum rate of wages be fixed by by-law there must be a limit somewhere beyond which it were folly to go. If Controller Ward has his way the corporation laborers will be in receipt of higher

be established in our municipal government—in the ability of the city to be an extensive employer of labor, sensible and practical. Until it can be demonstrated that public ownership will be operated for the people, not for the employees, the people will hold back. Even in the matter of street-cleaning, it is well to bear in mind that the cost of it may be so increased that the city will find it necessary—may be compelled in order to escape the tyranny of an unsound and extravagant wage arrangement—to have the work done by contract. It would thus prove in the end a false friendship to the corporation laborers to hoist their pay beyond reason, and land them eventually in the hands of a contractor, who would weed out all the faithful old-timers and employ husky young fellows.

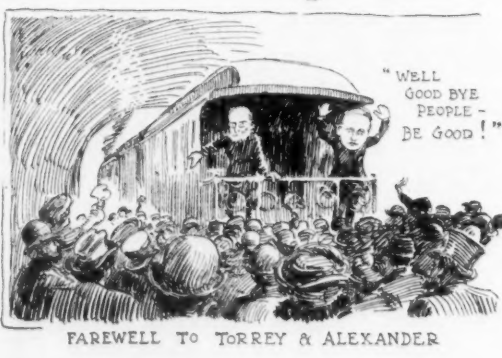
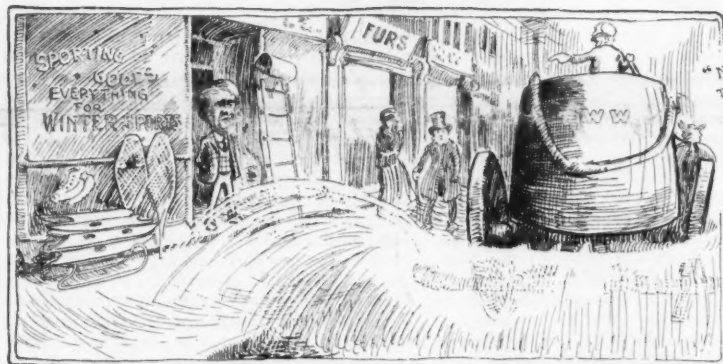
THE Court of Revision is one of the most important bodies in Toronto because it ratifies the assessment rolls on which taxation is levied. Its work has been pretty well done, and now that the City Council has to appoint a new member the aldermen should not forget that this appointment is one that should be carefully made. Much depends on the wisdom with which the work of revision is carried on, and almost as much depends on the confidence with which the Court of Revision is regarded by the assessment department on the one hand and the property-owners on the other. To give such an appointment as this to a man merely because he urgently canvasses for it among his aldermanic acquaintances, would be a serious mistake. As a rule those who are wolfish after a job of this kind are wholly unsuited for it.

HENRY DALBY of Montreal is a man of ideas. This fact once brought on him a great honor and much subsequent trouble. He was editing Mr. Hugh Graham's paper, the *Montreal Star*, previous to 1900, when his employer and Sir Charles Tupper decided that something would have to be done if the Laurier Government was to be defeated in that year. It had been the opinion of Sir Charles that Sir Wilfrid could not govern the country for a longer period than two years—that some law of nature forbade it. But by 1900 he had come to see that something had to be done or the Liberals would secure a second term in office from the misguided people. Mr. Dalby, therefore, had callers one day. They desired to know if he would go out and overturn the Government. Newspaper men have had some difficult assignments—as when Henry M. Stanley was assigned the task of going into Africa and finding Livingstone, and when Walter Wellman, the other day, was instructed to take a balloon and find the North Pole. Henry Dalby's assignment takes rank with these, and they did not even supply him with a balloon. Although he didn't defeat the Government there does not seem to have been a moment after he started on the job that Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Hugh Graham did not regard the job as certain of accomplishment. When failure resulted they seem to have felt that they had been wronged by Mr. Dalby. It is pretty hard to rely on a man to defeat a Government and have him not do it. An estrangement followed, and then out came a weekly paper, edited by Mr. Dalby, giving inside information about Mr. Graham and other mysteries. This seems to have caused Mr. Graham to start a weekly of his own, not to reply to the other, but to drown it in more copious ink, and silence it with larger noise.

But being a man of ideas Mr. Dalby turns to something fresh and is now managing editor of a new weekly called *Canada*, which is "edited in Canada and printed and published in England." It is modelled after the *St. James's* and *Pall Mall Budget*, is an illustrated weekly magazine, of superior get-up. It is quite an experiment to edit a paper in Canada and print and publish it on the other side of the ocean, but—why not? In these days what does an ocean or two amount to? There is one great merit in this plan, for if the editor of the paper remain in Canada he may remain a Canadian, which, experience shows, is not always the case with those of our countrymen who cross over to England and for a year or two subject themselves to the climate, accent and social corrosives of the Old Land. Some very good young Canadians have crossed the pond, only to return speaking a language that their own mothers could scarce understand. These peroxide blonde Canadians have no right to speak for Canada in England, and the British public need not accept as genuine the carefully chosen sentiments of those social climbers who use Canada as a convenience in reaching what they want. If Mr. Dalby's new paper is to succeed let its editor anchor himself on this side of the ocean and remain a Canadian.

PERHAPS Messrs. Torrey and Alexander have left one important sermon unpreached. The present duty of every man, woman and child is to live this life without reproach, and there is a gospel for this world that must not be overlooked in concern about the next. In conducting their whirlwind of revival here the evangelists complained that those already converted filled the pews so that those perhaps somewhat too readily classified as sinners could not gain admission. Many people of deeply religious natures have haunted Massey Hall during the past fortnight, neglecting all else to revel in emotional, vocal and declared religion. It might have been well if a final meeting had been held, behind closed doors, for these. Through these people all the currents that have affected the community have passed, and not without telling on some of them. To these the evangelists might have given some admonition, reminding them that the home needs to be preserved as a place attractive to every member of the family; that true religion can never make itself the cause of family discord; that exhortation is injudicious if it drives sons from the home; that a Christian in a hurry is about as ineffective as any other hastener; that if a person's religion does not make him or her more happy and cheerful, more companionable through life, a better wife and mother, a better husband and father, it is spurious and needs to be looked to. Perhaps some of those who were carried off their feet during the past fortnight should have been placed back on their feet by the evangelists before they went away.

IT rather jars on the nerves of old-fashioned people to read in the press tabulated returns of the number of souls saved in Toronto during the special services at Massey Hall—so many each day and date, a daily average of so many, and a grand total of over four thousand, at a total expenditure of over eight thousand dollars. The evangelists received one thousand dollars each for four weeks' work, or \$250 each per week. The publication of these figures must, in the sight of those who did not bear any part in the revival movement, throw a chill sidelight of commercialism upon it. It cannot have been altogether necessary to issue this itemized account or close the revival like the branch house of an extensive business. The evangelists are gone, and, whether for good or ill, the people of this city are left wrangling



SOME EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

the other because they lost—the by-election. If to win implies merit in an Opposition, to lose may, on the part of a government, not be without merit either—under some circumstances it may indicate a forbearance in using those advantages of office which can be made so influential in a by-election. The Premier and his colleagues declared frankly in the stump in Kingston that the outcome of the contest would not influence in any way the public expenditures in which the constituency was interested. This was new talk in politics. It is to be hoped that the result in Kingston will not be taken as proof that this kind of talk cannot be afforded in politics.

CONTROLLER JOHN J. WARD is in many respects a very useful man in the municipal government. The way he can thrust his chin forward and say what he thinks is an example to aldermen who cannot say no to anybody. But Controller Ward is just at present doing something that other people will have to pay for in large figures, and he ought to be brought up with a sharp turn by the Toronto City Council. Mr. Ward in the round of his social duties preceding the municipal elections found himself one evening the honored guest at the Scavengers' Annual Banquet, and there he made a speech. He is a man who likes to see happiness on every hand, and as he looked into the faces of those about him he announced that he intended this year to see the minimum rate of wages for men in the civic employ raised to two dollars per day. As a joy-producer this announcement was probably worth all it cost the candidate to make it. Controller Ward is now taking steps to put his promise into effect, which is the right thing for a man to do. Yet it was a wrong promise to make. It was not a meeting for a Controller to attend. The men on the tax-roll, not those on the pay-roll, are the ones whom a Controller should specially serve, and the time has about arrived when the citizens gener-

pay than many policemen, postmen, and firemen. They will be better paid than most employees of the Street Railway Company, they will be paid one-third more than the drivers of coal and ice wagons, railway teamsters, laborers in foundries and factories. Nowhere in the labor market can anything be found resembling the generosity that it is proposed to extend to the laborers in the city's employ, and yet people are asked to believe—and are anxious to believe—that it would be possible to have municipal control of many services that are now under private management. To get on the police force a young man has to pass an examination as to his physical, mental and moral fitness. Yet when he gets on the force and goes home to report the fact that he is enrolled at \$1.75 per day he may learn that his aged father has just been enrolled in the scavengers' department at \$2 per day. Men stray into town every winter from all parts of the province and look to the municipality for employment if they can't otherwise find it. "Fixed wage" is an advertisement of doubtful value, when these unemployed strangers get here our charitable organizations know of no employer but the municipality to send them to. For such work as they do, the better pay from the city treasury than twenty thousand of our citizens are able to earn. Controller Ward should back up. He is deranging the whole industrial machinery of the city by meddling with the wage question while ignoring altogether the consideration of the value that labor has, which is just as definite at any one time as the value of anything else. Controller Ward should not make speeches at tax-eaters' banquets. Next fall he should be invited to attend a tax-payers' banquet and there do all his promising.

Many citizens of Toronto see in their visions a time when the street car service, the electric lighting, the power, the telephone, and other public conveniences will be owned and operated by the municipality. Before that time comes it will be necessary for public confidence to

over the question as to whether there is a material hell, an abode of eternal torment awaiting sinners. It was a question that people in Toronto had, for the most part, learned to forget, or were diligently trying to put out of their thoughts. The dispute has been left on the people's hands, forced into every church, thrown into the conversation of every group of persons who are brought together anywhere in the city. What can be made out of the discussion? A friend has sent me some original verses on the subject of future punishment and the place where it is to be administered, and they end with a point:

Dr. Torrey says it's torrid—
Somewhat of a sultry spot;
Other parsons says he's horrid—
Won't admit it's even hot;
Dr. Sunderland gets florid,
Says it's simply silly rot.

Dr. Torrey's logic levels
Hell to be a place of pain—
Full of nasty little devils
Who the furnace fires maintain;
Imps who keep eternal revel,
Longing for a London rain.

Some there be who straight discard it,
Say love reigns in Heaven's court;
Infidels, when they are hard hit,
Laugh and jest and think it sport;
Lawyers say they oft regard it
As a court of last resort.

So the silly people scatter,
Some to laugh and some to fear,
Faith of other folk to shatter,
Eyes of other folks to clear;
Hell or no hell—does it matter
If we do our duty here?

Many men are many-minded,
Some say this and some say that—
Some to truth are strangely blinded—
Brother, paste this in your hat:
Try to live as One Divine did;
Hell or no hell—just stand pat!

As may be inferred the writer of these verses is not an evangelist, nor does he make light of other men's religious convictions. The point he makes is that a man or a woman who wants happiness, whether here or hereafter, should so live as to make it a matter of indifference whether hell is this, that or the other kind of place.

MACK.

The Man from Montclair

HERE may be benighted Torontonians who are ignorant of the fact that Montclair is in New Jersey and is just far enough from the smoke and stir of New York to make it a fit abode for the citizen who is charmed with "divine Philosophy." For the last four weeks, several hundred people have listened once a week, in the Guild Hall, to lectures from Mr. Edward Howard Griggs, whose post-office is the New Jersey retreat, and whose business it is to illuminate the minds of those whose literary taste has advanced beyond Elbert Hubbard and East Aurora culture. The word "evangelist" is heard frequently in these days, and we do not often stop to think of what it means—a good messenger. Taking its root meaning, Mr. Griggs may be called an evangelist, for he brings a message of sweetness and light which has a soul-saving power beyond that attributed to more obvious utterances.

Mr. Griggs was in Toronto two years ago, but not for such a course of addresses as he is delivering this winter. In an attempt to find out something about the lecturer, I resorted to Mr. James L. Hughes, who is ever willing to tell about his latest "swan," and he understood that the genial Inspector's swans are not geese.

"He was born in Wisconsin, left school at fourteen, at the age of nineteen went to the University of Indiana, took a four years' course in three, was appointed a professor after his graduation, was taken by David Starr Jordan to California when the latter was appointed president of Leland Stanford University. In 1898 he gave up his professional work for literary studies and lecturing."

"He looks very young," I ventured, glancing at the photograph I held.

"I am two years older than his father," asserted Mr. Hughes, adding with a twinkle in his Irish blue eyes, "his father married very young."

"And it was you who brought him here?"

"Yes—I am responsible. I'd be willing to lose fifty dollars to have the teachers hear him. He is giving a series of lectures on 'Moral Leaders.' He has given Socrates, St. Francis of Assisi and Victor Hugo. There are Carlyle, Emerson and Tolstol to come. During the week he delivers lectures at Pittsburgh, Youngstown (Ohio), Chicago, Buffalo and Toronto." This sounded like five days of literary energy, and I hoped that the lecturer had an interval of repose. "Then he has written three books—*The New Humanism*, *Moral Education* and *Meditations*."

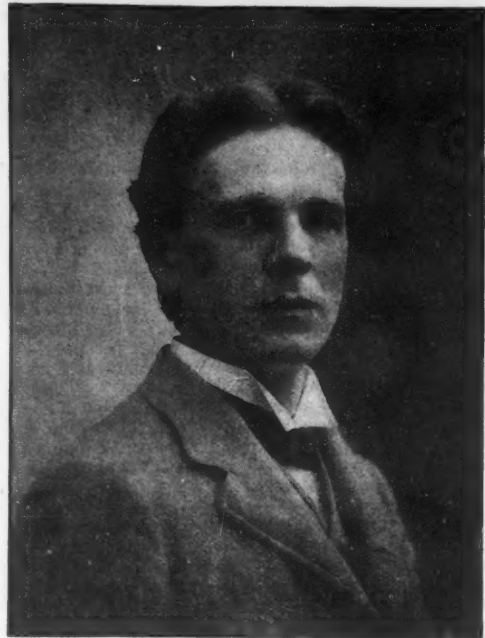
On Friday night of last week, I found Guild Hall well filled at a quarter to eight o'clock, and when the lecturer appeared on the stroke of the hour he was greeted with an applause that seemed to come from an audience with which he had already made friends. Mr. Griggs is tall, slender and well-built, and has a face that is essentially attractive in its sympathy and almost boyish frankness of expression. The forehead and eyes belong to a man of more than ordinary intellectual keenness, the mouth is sensitive and humorous, and a smile is never far away, even when he is talking of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, which actually becomes luminously popular as he tells of what the great German philosopher gave the world.

To introduce Carlyle he referred briefly to the political and ethical results of the French Revolution, and to the German literary and philosophic movements of the early years of the nineteenth century, all of which influenced the Scotchman, who was born in 1795, and who seemed to have been little affected by his own University of Edinburgh. The lecturer dwelt upon Goethe's strong influence upon Carlyle, and also upon the singular fact that *Wilhelm Meister*, of all the German poet's works, should have made strong appeal to the Scotch puritan. To Goethe, he said, belongs the distinction of having made Carlyle a world-citizen in thought and reasoning, of having taken him out of Scotland, beyond Europe, into a universe where he realized that the great thinkers must be wide as the world in their range. Goethe, in short, was Carlyle's spiritual emancipator.

In Carlyle was found a warring heredity, the gentle, sensitive nature of the mother, striving with the harsh, stern disposition of the father, with a decidedly uncomfortable result to the offspring. In an intensely vivid fashion, the lecturer pictured the honest young student fighting his way through doubt to the Everlasting Yea, and taking his stand against sham and falsehood with the Everlasting Nay. In all the turmoil Carlyle was true to his own spirit, and taught only what he believed. A curious teacher he must have made, and a still more curious clergyman he would have been, and yet, he both taught and preached as no other writer of the century. There is hardly a student of English literature who has not found in *Sartor Resartus*, a revelation,

and something of the awed delight with which the young watcher saw that new planet swim into his ken was in the lecturer's voice as he dwelt upon the vagaries and profundity of *Herr Teufelsdröckh*.

Of course it was inevitable that we should hear, sooner or later, of the lack of domestic harmony in the Carlyle household. In fact, we fear that most people, if asked who the distinguished Scot was, would reply



MR. EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

with the young Englishman—"a literary Johnnie, who couldn't get along with his wife." Much of the gossip might have been spared if James Anthony Froude had only possessed a little common-sense, and a pinch of discretion. Mr. Griggs displayed the latter quality in referring to the modern democratic vulgarity and mean gossip interest which seek an entrance to the household of genius and demand that the dear public shall know his domestic affairs. He discerningly pointed out that Carlyle had nothing of that quality which the French call *savoir vivre*, and for which we have no English equivalent, for "art of life" is too big and "tact" is too mean. However, the lecturer's criticism of Carlyle's lack of demonstration and his mourning over the Scotch puritan's reluctance to express emotion as "one of the most terrible superstitions that ever damned human life," were not so indisputable. The lecturer comes from a country where expression of emotion is horribly overdone, where a man calls his wife "honey," "sweetheart" and other sticky names one day, and divorces her on the next; so it is a trifle difficult for New York or South Dakota to understand old Scotland, where they say little but mean much. Thomas Carlyle may have been destitute of desirable *savoir vivre*. But when all is said and unsaid, let us have the silent Scot, rather than the shallow Westerner who swears eternal friendship with the same nonchalance with which he enters on a horsetrade.

The lecturer's humor played pleasantly about certain characteristic speeches—such as Carlyle's resorting to modern novels as a bath which would keep him from thinking, the suggestion being made that such waters of fiction might prove beneficial in the present as a mental Lethé, and Carlyle's abandonment of public lecturing with the declaration that such work demanded a combination of the popular preacher and the play-actor.

The ethic poetry of the French Revolution found a voice in Carlyle's great work, but in his *Frederic the Great*, that weakness of his for "might," whereby he sometimes confused it with right itself, his constant exaltation of the great man who, after all, raised himself on the shoulders of the mass, showed itself decidedly. This feature was pointed out in *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, probably Carlyle's most popular work. In spite of the great writer's neglect of the common man, his occasional failure to recognize a public cause, these books are truly tonic, and come from a great nature, which has thundered out the two great commands: "Do your work" and "Tell the truth." Laziness and sham were an abomination unto Carlyle, whose own life in its severity and simplicity was eloquently consistent with his teaching.

The lecture closed with a beautiful fragment of Carlyle's rare verse, repeated with a feeling as unforced as it was effective. Mr. Griggs has a voice that is eminently pleasing, light, flexible and melodious, with none of the twang which mars the speaking of lesser men from Uncle Sam's domains. His English is pure and even poetic, entirely free from the colloquialism and slang with which so many modern lecturers on ethical and religious questions imagine they make themselves acceptable to the people. His style never falls below the dignity of his subject, while he has the rare gift of making simple the abstruse and complex. His present course ends on the second Friday of this month, and on his return to Toronto next November he should address a much larger audience than the Guild Hall will hold, for he is the finest intellectual evangelist we have heard in many a day.

CANADIENNE.



Among the many curious and unexpected prizes for which our women are giving half-days, surely, the weirdest was that recently won at a very smart bridge, when the amazed recipient was presented with a ham! Whether she carried it home on her shoulder or had it delivered, or left it behind, I have not heard, but it certainly was the unexpected that happened that time.

Mrs. Lissant Beardmore's bijou little home in North Sherbourne street was invaded by scores of smart callers on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, when she held her first receptions. Mrs. Hector Mackenzie assisted her daughter, and in the tea-room were several bright, pretty girls and a handsome matron. Mrs. Timmerman, who poured tea. Miss Mary Gzowski, Miss Adele Boulton and Miss Nesta Mackenzie were on duty in this pleasant fashion on Tuesday, when several of the guests from Government House went up to call upon Mrs. Beardmore. Mrs. Beardmore, Sr., was also chatting with and helping to look after such a large number of callers.

A house dance altogether for young folks and so suburban as to be quite in the country, was that given for Miss Edith Holland and her young friends last week, when Mr. and Mrs. Holland and Miss Holland of Oak Lawn entertained over a hundred bright young dancers. The way to Heath street was not familiar enough to be devoid of interest, and to those who have become slightly blasé of the cosy corners and sitting-out-rooms of the various assembly-rooms down town, the surprises in that line which Miss Holland had arranged were the finishing touch to enjoyment. There was a fascinating lantern-lit room

sous les toits and all sorts of nice corners on a lower floor, and the smoothest of dancing floors downstairs, with good music and plenty of partners for the pretty crowd of girls, many in their first season. Even "Nipper," the family terrier, had his programme tied on his collar, and mischievous girls wrote other girls names upon it and gave "Nipper" "supper dances," which that quadruped gladly claimed. It was one of the most thoroughly old-time dances given in Toronto in several years, and the beautiful and popular girl whose debut was its *raison d'être* looked her very best in her coming-out frock of white silk, with chiffon trimmings. Supper was served from a huge table in the dining-room, the waiters carrying trays of all sorts of good things to the guests in the dancing-rooms and library, and serving being both swift and sure—not always the case at house dances. Which reminds me that at another house dance a busy partnerette, as a boy calls the girls, supped upon five glasses of lemonade and a punch until she got home at three o'clock, when the family larder suffered. "No one had time to wait on me and I was engaged for every dance, and my partners all wanted to dance it out," she said, in telling of how she suffered. Such, however, was far from being possible at Oak Lawn, where an unusually nice supper was enjoyed, and the dance resumed with added zest. One of the prettiest maidens was Miss Gladys Edwardes. The verdict was that so many young, fresh and dainty girls had not foregathered in Toronto for a long time. Some of the Parkdale, Rosedale and Deer Park beauties gave the more urban belles something of a contest for the palm. Mr. Holland was the best of hosts, and the first dance at Oak Lawn gave all the guests a fine appetite for another. A very marked feature was the stature of many of the men; and the removal of the handsome glass chandeliers from the drawing-room was duly looked after beforehand, or some of the young giants might have had a serious collision therewith.

Madame Albertini has cheerfully consented to sing for the Strollers this afternoon. This will be the greatest attraction, and I cannot help remarking how truly gracious and hearty is Madame Albertini in giving her time and talents when her friends ask them. Beautiful, artistic, and full of a sweet kindness and bonhomie, she is the sunshine of every coterie favored by her presence.

On Wednesday Mrs. Ross of Huntley street gave an old-fashioned tea party for some of her aunt, Mrs. Pingle's, friends to say good-bye to the latter before her departure for the North-West. Tea was served by Mrs. Kent, sister of the hostess, and Mrs. Warren of Elm avenue. And the guests, most of whom were of the elderly coterie, had a lovely time. The informal tea was set on a pretty folding Sheraton table, with some dainty flowers and many nice and tempting things to spoil one's dinner. Mrs. Ross' sturdy little son, in a white suit, gravely ushered in the ladies and waited on them carefully. A peep into the charming dining-room, the frieze and curtains of which have been stencilled by the clever mistress herself, was a treat some were allowed, and compliments were many on the pretty and artistic result of her labors. Mrs. Pingle's friends bid her a regretful farewell, with many good wishes.

Ben Greet's Players, who come next week to Massey Hall, are among anticipated treats on next week's list. As a contrast to *Everyman*, the Shakespearean plays *Macbeth*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Julius Caesar* and *The Merchant of Venice* will show the company in another phase of cleverness.

The Engineers' dance in the Gym last week was very largely attended, the crowd being quite as much as the floor could hold, and though the Varsity professors could not attend on account of bereavement in their ranks, there was a plentiful supply of men for the dancers, though at supper time Dr. Lang had troubles of his own in seeing the patronesses properly paired. However, he is a man of much resource and energy, and the supper parade was not, as at one time threatened, a somewhat Adamless Eden. All the young chaps in the smart corps were most watchful and successful hosts, and the dance went off beautifully. Several of the guests arrived late, for a couple of dinners were on that evening. General Otter, Miss Mortimer Clark, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Hemming, Mrs. Sweny, who is happily quite well again, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. Pyne, Miss Melvin-Jones, in pailletted black lace, Colonel Stimson, Miss Wornum and Miss Willmore, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Helen Davidson, Captain Kidout, Major Cockburn, V.C., Mr. McMillan, D.S.O., were among those who joined in making the Engineers' dance a smart affair, and a great many pretty girls lent it grace and chic. Dr. Lang and his officers received in the gallery, and the guests passed to the ballroom by the stairway at the east end, thus avoiding the crush at the door.

Mrs. Eaton's tea last Friday was a very elegant and sumptuous function; her guests were many and their gowns "dreams" of richness and beauty. The hostess wore a quiet and handsome gown of large-patterned black lace brocade over white silk, and was assisted by Mrs. Burnside, in a delicate grey gown. Music floated from an upper floor, and the chamber of mirrors and Moorish arches, the lovely wainscotted room, where a table centered with Richmond roses, was loaded with dainties; the second tea-room, where a long buffet was done with pink carnations and violets, the hall, and the reception-room were each in turn visited and admired by all. Among the many handsome gowns Mrs. E. Y. Eaton's, of purple velvet, was one which attracted many eyes. Among Mrs. Eaton's guests were women prominent in literary, musical, artistic and social circles, some of the brightest minds in Toronto, and all enjoyed meeting in such charming surroundings.

Mr. Cockshutt gave a dance last night at his residence in Sherbourne street. These dances have for some years been the delight of a coterie of intimates and are always the most perfectly done of the season. The guest-list is never over large, and the details carefully considered. I presume this year's dance was in no wise behind its predecessors.

I hear that Mrs. Mavor and her family are coming out in the spring to rejoin Professor Mavor here.



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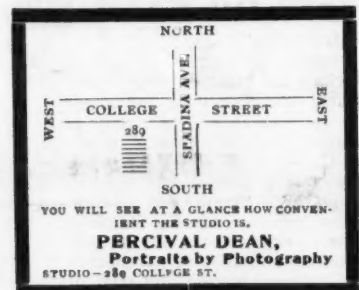
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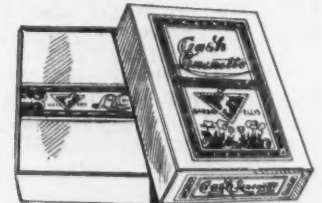
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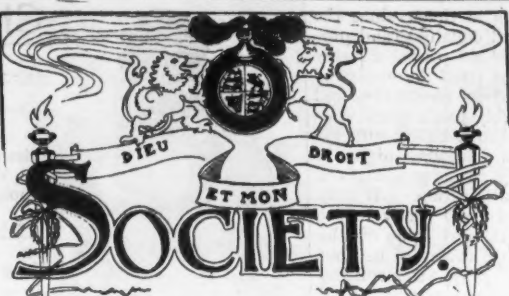
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Mrs. Le Grand Reed, who has been enjoying a visit in Italy, writes in great spirits and is again, I believe, studying under Jean de Reszke in Paris.

Many kind thoughts go with Mrs. Stewart Gordon, now en route to Scotland, where Mr. Gordon, Sr., lies seriously ill.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. James Grace will occupy Mr. D. D. Mann's house while the Mann family are on their travels in Europe.

The party from Benvenuto with Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie are in Pasadena and other delectable parts this week.

Miss Merritt of St. Catharines is visiting the Misses Merritt in St. George street.

Mrs. Morgan of Madison avenue gave a small bridge on Thursday for Mrs. Arthur Murray, who is with her people for a visit. Some friends came in as usual for tea afterwards.

Mrs. Mann's friends called by dozens on Friday, her last reception day before her departure for Europe, to say good-bye to her and her sister and son, until the house looked as if the ordinary formal tea was in progress. Mrs. Nesbitt of Hamilton was a visitor much welcomed, and Master Donald had a laughing group of pretty girls upstairs where the graphophone was loudly proclaiming itself in operatic selections for their delectation. A very pretty tea-table had also its votaries in the dining-room, and Miss Maude Williams was there hospitably *en evidence*. Friends of the sisters will miss them during their absence and welcome them home with pleasure in due time.

Society turned out very well on last Friday evening to hear the song recital given by Miss Mildred Lawson and Mr. Hubert Eisdale, Conservatory Hall being well filled. Promises which had been floating around of the pleasure which the singers would afford, were, judging from the applause, fully verified. Miss Lawson has reason to be very well satisfied with the appreciation of the Toronto public or rather of that social coterie who so loyally turned out to hear her. She is, I hear, to reside here permanently and will accept pupils.

Among the charming new homes on the West side, that just completed for Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis at 246 St. George street is one of the most attractive. Last Friday, when for the first time the hostess bade her friends welcome therein, everyone was full of admiration. Though not a house of stately proportions, it has a distinguished and rather original look, and within, everything that taste and skill combined can accomplish. On Sunday afternoon several old friends and relations called and took tea with Mrs. Jarvis and her sweet young daughter Muriel, and found occasion to congratulate Mr. Edgar Jarvis, who was among the visitors, on his 71st anniversary. In the pretty rooms, with their quaint and handsome furnishings and artistic friezes and panelled walls, are many rare and interesting things, the glory of the whole being a Lely portrait of the great-grandmother of Miss Muriel, one of the handsome Jarvises of very olden days. Mrs. Jarvis is hoping for the transfer of her only son Arthur from St. John's, Newfoundland, to the Queen City by the Bank of Montreal, now that so delightful a home awaits him.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie has been elected President of the Imperial Bank.

Mr. Skinner of Vancouver is visiting Toronto.

The marriage of Mr. Featherstone Aylesworth, only son of the Postmaster-General, and Miss Gladys Burton, daughter of Mrs. Warren Burton, will take place in St. James' Cathedral on February 20th. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother, 77 Lowther avenue.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Drury, daughter of Colonel Drury of Halifax, and Mr. Max Atkins, took place last week, the bride wearing a smart green *costume de voyage* and being brought in and given away by her father. The bride and groom have gone abroad. News has been received of the engagement of Mr. Victor Drury, brother of the bride, and Miss Marjorie Howard, daughter of the late Dr. Howard.

Mrs. Bog gave a tea at her apartments in the St. George on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of Olitrim are away for short holidays in Montreal.

Mrs. Kemp of Castle Frank, Miss Kemp and Miss Hazel Kemp are leaving this month for Italy by the SS. Coronis, and will spend the spring abroad, going to Rome, Florence and Venice before their return. Particular interests which may come before the House in March will keep Mr. Kemp in Canada.

Mrs. Morson, mother of Judge Morson and Mrs. James Scarth, died at her home in Tyndall avenue last Friday at the age of seventy-six. Her husband, Dr. Frederick Morson, pre-deceased her by some five years. Mrs. Morson was Miss Georgina Kuper, daughter of General Kuper of Chambly, Quebec.

Major Robertson and Major Michie left this week for a trip to Mexico. They will be away several weeks. I hear that Miss Annie Michie, who is the guest of Mrs. Nellie Bain in Winnipeg, is gathering in the galets by the score. As a quaint woman correspondent writes me: "There might be a book written upon the conquests of Lady Anne." So that one can scarcely expect the speedy return of that fascinating young woman!

Mrs. George Carruthers of Winnipeg was here for a day, en route to her former home in Port Huron.

Mrs. Sale of Rosedale has returned from Chicago.

St. Valentine's night has been finally decided upon as the date of the *Poudre* ball in the King Edward, in aid of the Ladies' Depository.

The Argonauts' dance on February 23rd, in the King Edward, will have the following important list of patrons and patronesses: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Ham-

mond, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Victor Cawthra and Mrs. H. C. Osborne.

Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill left on Wednesday for the South, where her little daughter is sojourning through the trying weather, which the delicate little girl cannot stand.

Mrs. Young of Wolsley Barracks, London, was down the other day on a short visit to Mrs. Willie Gwynn.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra have been spending a week in New York. Mrs. Alan Sullivan has returned from New York. Mr. Allen Case has returned from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Case and their family are again in their house in Spadina road. Mrs. Stirling and Miss Vira Stirling went to Barrie on a visit to relatives last week.

On Wednesday Mrs. Arnold Ivy gave a large reception in the fashionable suite at McConkey's and her guest, Mrs. Phair of Collingwood, received with her in the Turkish room. The hostess wore a very beautiful gown of mauve with white Irish lace guimpe, and carried a huge bouquet of deep purple violets. Mrs. Phair wore deep blue, relieved with white. Six pretty girls assisted in the tea-room, including Miss Ruby Frazee and Miss Eta Taylor, in white mousseline and lace and embroidery; Miss Brown, who was very pretty in a dove-gray gown and picture hat, and Miss Olive Logan, who was in turquoise veil and blue hat. Never was such a lovely tea-table seen in the Rose room as that of Wednesday. The polished table was covered with an immense Battenburg lace cloth, reaching nearly to the soft rose red carpet and in the center was set a tall and graceful *jardiniere* brimming with pink roses, lily of the valley, and maidenhair—the lattice of pink ribbons and soft rosettes being wreathed with lily of the valley behind the roses to the height of several feet. All over the fine lace of the table-cover were set dainty vases of lily of the valley, and the ices, in every quaint conceit, were pink and white. An orchestra played in the hall, and the affair was elegant in the extreme. The mantel in the Nile room was banked with daffodils and azaleas. Among the guests early arriving were Mrs. and Miss Kemp of Castle Frank, Mrs. Sydney Lee, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Ed Cox, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. and Miss Eastwood, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Warrington, Mrs. Parkyn Murray, the Misses Rolland Hills, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Davies, Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Kearns, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Mrs. Gouinlock.

Mr. Grant is painting a portrait of Major Cockburn, V.C., for presentation to Upper Canada College, of which his father was principal for a quarter of a century and Major Cockburn a student.

Miss Malloch of Ottawa, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Sanford Smith, has been a good deal entertained, and was guest of honor at Mrs. Grindley's tea last Friday.

Many thoughts of kindly sympathy are with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darling, in the loss of their baby son, who died a few days since after a gallant struggle of some weeks, which gave his nurses hope he might come off victor. It is especially pathetic, because this is the second little one who has come, only to go away from hearts so ready and anxious to welcome nature's most precious gift. Mrs. Darling has returned from Grace Hospital to her apartment in Sussex Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Guthrie were in town on Saturday, and attended the matinee of Collier's comedy at the Princess. The audience for each performance of the play was representative of Toronto's best, and on Saturday afternoon a stage box full of lovely little, golden-haired Anglins, watching for the brief appearance of Aunt Eileen and riding her room behind the scenes, was the cynosure of many admiring eyes. The small Anglins have long worshipped their more famous aunt, Margaret, as a sort of good fairy in the line of feast and gift-giving, and now must divide their allegiance since another star is rising. Miss Eileen was "called" insistently by her friends who were all *claqueurs* of the strongest for the occasion.

The last touch on the Log Cabin tea-room is a prairie schooner, backed up near the entrance, with its cover of butternut canvas and most realistic etceteras. There was such a crowd on Saturday after the matinee that many could not be served, even by such alert and willing Hebes as presided over the teapots in the quaint and daily improving place. I hear that from this experiment such success has ensued that a very beautiful and elaborate tea-room in delf conceits will open in the early summer.

Miss Mary Ellwood, daughter of Mrs. Ellwood, formerly of St. George street, who has been abroad with her mother and sister for some time, was married on Wednesday in London, to Mr. J. Davidson, an Aberdonian. I hear that the bride and groom will reside in Aberdeen.

Several pleasant teas were on last Friday, Mrs. Nelson of St. Alban street, Mrs. Reginald Denison of Huron, and Mrs. Reade of Macpherson avenue thus entertaining.

Major and Mrs. Charles Nelles will leave next month for Australia for a year, the exchange of officers arranged by the powers that be having given the smart Dragon officer this billet, and an Australian taking his place here.

Colonel Lessard and Colonel Hemming were to have gone to England for a course of several months, but I hear, owing to other changes, their departure has been postponed or given up.

Mrs. Herbert Mowat is giving a luncheon for Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Macdonald on Tuesday.

A Matter of Opinion.

Is the Arts and Crafts' Tea Room Comfortable, or is it Not?

Some one has said in print that the new Bungalow Tea-Room recently opened at the Arts and Crafts Studios would be more comfortable if it were not for the rustic seats. Now the idea of having Louis XIV. or *fin de siècle* furniture in a log house! It's an anachronism. Arts and Crafts pride themselves on having everything in keeping with the period and with the surroundings, and with everything that enters into the artistic completion of an idea. The Arts and Crafts Tea-Room, at their Studios, 93 King street west, is a lifelike replica of a hunter's cabin. Rustic seats are just as comfortable in a log house in Toronto as they would be in a log-house in Saskatchewan, or the Rocky Mountains, or in the Georgian Bay District. The Bungalow Tea-Room at the Arts and Crafts Studios has been pronounced the most complete example of harmonious furnishing and decorating in this city. Those who want to see a real winter moonrise through a window in a real log-house, with real fire-place (just like one, anyway) with the pot boiling over the fire and the hams smoking and vegetables drying from the rafters, should visit this unique exhibition of artistic taste. No doubt any unprejudiced visitor will find the rustic furniture so perfectly in keeping with the usual equipment of a hunter's lodge in the forest that they will not notice that the homely seats are not upholstered. Guests are furnished with delicious coffee and cocoa, at a mere nominal charge. The cosiest place in the city to drop into for a chat after the matinee.

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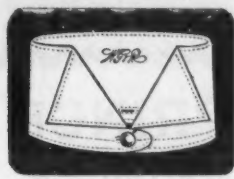
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Mrs. H. I. Armstrong, 70 Chestnut Park road—Second and fourth Tuesdays in February only.

Dr. Dorothea Orr, 556 Dovercourt road—First and second Fridays.

Mrs. McIntyre, 46 Glen road—First and second Mondays in February only.

Mrs. Albert C. Ransom and Mrs. Frank Compton, Elgin avenue—Last Friday.

Mrs. Will Rose and Mrs. Massey, 5 Lowther avenue—First and second Fridays.

Mrs. W. S. Kerman, 47 Elm avenue—First, second and third Mondays in February, and afterward first and second Mondays.

Mrs. Alfred Denison, 22 Amelia street—First Monday.

Mrs. George W. Fensom, 84 Chestnut Park road—First Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. L. Cowdry, 560 Huron street—Friday, February 23rd and all Fridays after.

Mrs. Webb, Inglewood—First and fourth Fridays.

Mrs. and Miss Strathy, 17 Walmer road—February 9th.

Mrs. Hugh Glass, 74 Madison avenue—Second and fourth Fridays.

Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, 113 Walmer road—Fridays in February.

Mrs. W. H. Gooderham, 3 Bedford road—Fridays in February.

Mrs. C. Nelles, Queen's—Thursdays.

Mrs. L. Goldman, 176 St. George street—Fridays.

Mrs. Alfred Rogers will receive for the first time in her new home, "Uplands," Yonge street and Glen avenue, Deer Park, on next Wednesday and Thursday, February 7th and 8th. Since coming from Hamilton Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have spent some time with Mrs. Warwick at Sunnyside, and then took up their residence at Uplands to expedite its completion and hurry the workmen out. One who was familiar with Uplands during the occupancy of Mr. George MacKenzie would remark the vast improvements, additions, etc., which now make it a modern and very smart home. Mrs. Rogers has excellent taste, and her pretty rooms are full of its fruits. Deer Park is fast becoming a popular part of our suburbs, and that sweet old place, Lawton Park, is growing more cosy and beautiful every week in preparation for the occupancy of the Palmer family, who will remove there soon. Mr. and Mrs. Holland, in the same street, have been for some time occupying the Price homestead, and I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Palmer are going up that way before long. To see Torontonians streaming off the cars on an evening opens one's eyes to the exodus to the North.

Mr. Alphonse Jones has returned from Mount Forest greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt will receive on Mondays this month, beginning next Monday, at her home, 25 St. Vincent street. Miss Agnes Sovereign of Waterford is visiting Mrs. Nesbitt, who hopes to keep her for some time. Mrs. Nesbitt has sent out cards to friends announcing that she will receive as aforesaid. The notice that Miss Nesbitt was visiting her was, I regret to say, incorrect. It is several years since Mrs. Nesbitt has received, and her pleasant statement that she wants to see her friends as early and often as they like, is the assurance that every one of them will make a note of her Mondays.

Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman of Tannenheim will receive on the first and second Mondays this and next week.

A very beautiful and interesting event, which takes one back along historic lines to the first days of Canada, was the celebration of the Jubilee, after fifty years consecration, of the veteran and lovely old lady, Mother Antoinette, of St. Joseph's Convent, which took place last Monday. Mother Antoinette was born McDonnell, a daughter of Colonel James McDonnell of the Leeks McDonnell branch of that pioneer family, then residing at Matilda, near Prescott. It is told of Colonel McDonnell that during his student days at Bishop Bethune School he heard the sound of artillery in the war of 1812, and ran away to join the fight for King and country. He was at the famous battle of Chrysler's Farm, with his regiment, the Nova Scotia Fencibles. His marriage with Miss Madeline Chisholm of Montreal was followed by the birth of Mother Antoinette some eighty years ago at Matilda. Since devoting herself to religion, Mother Antoinette has been Superior of several convents, and at the quinquennial election of Reverend Mother of the body of Canadian religious she has been time and again the honored one. Now, in her revered old age, she celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her day of consecration, and received the loving congratulations of bishops, priests, nuns and laity, with tribute of golden gifts and flowers of surpassing beauty, one enormous bunch of violets exhalant a fragrance suggestive of her good works, and roses, lily of the valley and many white and gold tinted blooms abounding. A reception-room was arranged at the convent, and the venerable mother was carried from her chamber to meet the friends who awaited her. She is bright and sympathetic to a wonderful degree, but crippled with rheumatism. Mother Antoinette is a second cousin of Mrs. Frank Anglin, through the Frasers, and also connected with Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Macdonald, who are much loved visitors in Toronto just now, and who all three were at Mother Antoinette's reception on Monday.

Never have sadder voices passed about tidings of great sorrow than have told this week of the death of two women, the one in the first year of widowhood, the other the cherished comrade of ten years of a married life of ideal worth. Mrs. Jack Osler, who was, only the other day, it seems, the radiant girl, the equally bright and beautiful bride, left her young husband and little infant on Sunday, her death being of that peculiarly sad character which touches every heart to the quick. Mrs. Crawford Scadding, who had been hovering for some days between life and death, went away on Wednesday, leaving many dear friends to tender sorrowful sympathy to her bereaved husband and winsome young daughter. It is all too sad to think about, and everyone feels most keenly that such loss is indeed irreparable.

The worth of the audiences which filled Massey Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings could only be estimated by one skilled in such values, and was absolutely conclusive. Toronto has gradually become aware of its own resources and possibilities and learned what is needed to complete a worthy musical feast, and the National Chorus was in good fortune when they secured such an orchestra, such a conductor and such a soloist and vocalist as graced those historic evenings. We become en-

thusiastic in true continental abandon at times, since the wondrous advance in appreciation and equally grand progress in local music of the past five or six years. Massey Hall rings with applause, people faint from the excess of sweet impression, artists and impresarios, conductors and chorus are mutually and demonstratively jubilant and congratulatory. When Mr. Damrosch shook hands with his wonderful protegee, Marie Hall, on Tuesday night, it seemed as if one could scarce refrain from gripping the next one for a like expression of satisfaction. It may have been involuntary, but it certainly was pretty to see whole groups stand up when the little girl came on the stage. One feels that there is little left to say of her but "Thank you!" when she slips quietly away, after rousing such a tempest among us. It was a hurry-scurry behind the scenes, and a pale and tired-looking little maid, who gathered her wraps and was hustled off to catch the Montreal sleeper, while the great through burst their gloves and exhausted their hands with vain clamor of encore. And it is pleasant to know that Marie Hall likes well to play in Toronto. The vast circle of the gallery was bright with handsome women in full toilette, most smart people having seats for both evenings and being literally "too numerous to mention."

The gay doings at the Lake Shore Pavilion during the latter half of January have included the first annual dance of the Toronto Swiss Society on January 16th, when Mr. R. Burger was presiding genius, and Mrs. Burger and Mrs. Meyer patronesses. About a hundred guests enjoyed a very jolly evening. On January 18th a reunion of medical students and their friends took place. On January 19th the Parkdale Canoe Club had a "hop" on the excellent floor, which is voted one of the best in Toronto. On January 25th the Bachelors of Mimico held their first annual At Home under the patronage of Mrs. G. Behan, Mrs. J. H. Telfer, Mrs. E. Lawson, Mrs. John Kay, Jr., Mrs. L. W. West and Mrs. J. A. Gormally. On January 26th the Junior Bachelors of South Parkdale, numbering with their fair guests about a hundred, gave a very jolly dance in the pavilion. Mrs. Pauline Meyer has had a busy and successful season, and her patrons are very well pleased with arrangements. Many other small affairs have been held in the Lake Shore Pavilion.

On Tuesday Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave an informal luncheon of twenty covers for Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Macdonald, who met many old friends at this most pleasant reunion. One of the sisters has never been in Government House since her father's official occupancy in the seventies, and was not backward in her admiration and notice of the many changes since made there. The luncheon table was exquisitely pretty—with forests of delicate maidenhair ferns and daffodils peeping between. The invited guests were Lady Edgar, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mrs. Denison, Miss Morris, Miss Morgan, Miss Hope Morgan, Miss Rutherford, Miss Jennings. After the luncheon many of the guests went to Northfield, where Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Macdonald, who have certainly been kept busy accepting hospitalities during their stay in town.

Why Blame Osler for Suicides in Cleveland?

HEALTH OFFICER in Cleveland charges Dr. Osler with the responsibility for fifty suicides which were committed in that city during the year just closed. According to the annual report of this public officer, eighty-three persons destroyed themselves within the twelvemonth, and of these fifty were past the age of 40. This fact assumes in his mind a significance altogether different from that usually attached to it, and he makes this comment:

"Many of these persons, on reading the opinion of Dr. Osler concerning the age when men passed the period of usefulness and his theory regarding their being put out of the way when the period of usefulness was over, became despondent."

The Cleveland physician may be an excellent official as far as the conservation of the public health is concerned, but when he lays aside his swabs and disinfectants to theorize on suicide statistics he steps outside his province and blunders accordingly. It would be interesting to know what mental process led the doctor to conclude that, because certain persons that committed suicide were over 40 years old their deaths are to be charged to Dr. Osler's account. He has overlooked the fact which all suicide statistics show, namely, that the tendency toward self-destruction is strongest in persons who have reached what is usually called the prime of life. It is then that the great sorrows and the great misfortunes come into life, and that disease, failure to achieve success and the dread of being discovered in guilt (these are some of the commoner causes of suicide) break down moral courage and the capacity for resistance. This fact was established long before Dr. Osler's name became a byword; it, and not Dr. Osler's alleged pronouncement, explains why the majority of the eighty-three persons who killed themselves in Cleveland last year were past the age of 40. The health officer has attached undue importance to an incident of which both Dr. Osler and the reading public must be heartily tired, and he has shown that, like a great many other officials whose work necessitates the use of statistics, he is not competent to reason from the figures to the broad facts lying behind them.

Since Dr. Osler delivered the address at Johns Hopkins which drew so much attention to him there have been a few cases in which persons bent on suicide have given "the Osler theory" as the cause, but these rare instances have been widely published, and certainly there were not fifty of them, or five even, in Cleveland. But even if there were, Dr. Osler could not justly be charged with the responsibility. This for the very good reason that Dr. Osler never pronounced the suicide theory connected with his name; he said a few words in jest which were twisted into a ridiculous statement by some unscrupulous correspondent and published over the length and breadth of the land. That this should incite weak-minded persons to suicide is possible, but those who seek an excuse for self-destruction do not usually care how far afield they go. It is unfortunate that a learned physician should be charged with the responsibility for their crimes, but in the present incident it is a reflection on the health officer and not on the great professor.

Freaks of Straws.

What Western Cyclones Can do—An Old Proverb and Its Application.

It is said that in the Western States the cyclones are so severe that often wheat straws are driven into the trunks of trees as if they (the straws) were steel nails. This might be an instance of the good old saying that straws show which way the wind blows, were it not for the fact that a cyclone blows every way at once. Still it must be remembered that the proverb originated in a country where the wind had some glimmerings of common sense, and therefore can still be regarded as a rule, at least under ordinary circumstances. Two Conservatories of Music during the last week have written to the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming desiring to secure Gourlay pianos for the use of their teaching staffs. Evidently the wind of professional appreciation for the Gourlay is blowing strongly. Musicians realize the high artistic value of the instrument, they are more than pleased with its rich and mellow tone, its singing quality, and its perfect balance of scale. Naturally they desire to give their pupils the advantage of a good instrument, indeed the best instrument that can be secured to-day in the Canadian market.



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Sporting Comment

It is quite evident now that the once famous Marlboroughs, former challengers for the Stanley Cup, are an exploded phenomenon. Everyone has been waiting for them to display some of their old-time cunning, but in the face of three defeats—by Barrie, Argonauts and, worst of all, by Midland—judgment can be suspended no longer. Even the most charitably inclined do not hesitate to declare the Marlboroughs back numbers, also-rans, and anything else that will indicate a fall from grace. They climbed high, but have fallen with a heavier thud because of their elevation. It is undeniable that a great many spectators, gloated over their defeat, and without delay proceeded to hail the Argonauts as the heroes of the season.

The Argonauts, no one can deny, are much stronger than was expected. Their defence is as good as the best of the O. H. A. teams, and their forwards are all fast skaters, clever stick-handlers and good shots. If they can defeat Barrie and win their series they have a fighting chance for the O. H. A. championship. It is consoling to think that, after all the prophecies of evil at the beginning of the season, there is still some likelihood of a Toronto team retaining the Senior Cup. The Argonauts, however, are not as good a team as the Wellingtons and the Marlboroughs in the old days. They of course will improve, but at present they are lacking in some of the fine points of the game. They are not as quick as they might be to take advantage of their opportunities. They are all willing workers, but they do not bore in upon goal in the irresistible fashion of last season's Marlboroughs. Nevertheless I think that they will make a good showing this season, and next year, if they hold together, predict great things of them. As far as the city championship is concerned, one can safely consider the Marlboroughs out of it. The St. George's are not nearly as strong as the other two teams—Argonauts and Varsity. It is difficult to compare the latter two, since they are playing in different leagues under slightly different rules, but, much as some people may scoff, I think the students are formidable opponents. In the Wilson Trophy games in the past they have always made their opponents hustle to win, and a game between them and the Argonauts, whichever way it went, should prove a contest well worth seeing.

The O. H. A. executive solved the Woodstock-Stratford difficulty in a way that was fairest to both sides by ordering the game to be played over. The hockey enthusiasts in those two towns will hail with enthusiasm the chance of having another go at their hated rivals. The referee will have trouble enough in preventing the second game from becoming a repetition of the first. Somehow or other the real joys of hockey are felt only in country towns or small cities. We in large cities never get from a hockey victory that feeling of elation which adds cubits to the stature of a Woodstock or Stratford citizen. We know nothing of the feeling between Port Hope and Whitby which makes a hockey match a more momentous struggle than a general election. We sit calmly in our seats and applaud according to the merits of the play. Very often we don't applaud at all. We never get so excited that we rush upon the ice and interrupt the play. It is sad to think of the pleasures we miss, but there is one compensating advantage—hockey games in Toronto never cause trouble to the O. H. A. Executive.

The Eastern Hockey Association is calmly pursuing its way with an astonishing absence of disputes. In spite of the fact that Ottawa has won every game so far with an ease that might well provoke jealousy not a carping critic has caused trouble by throwing hard names at the team. No voice has been raised to say that Ottawa play roughly, that they are tainted with professionalism or that they tamper with the ice. Surely the art of mud-slinging has not been forgotten in Eastern hockey circles. Can it be that the season is too uninteresting to provoke comment or criticism?

The Varsity team last Friday night somewhat surprised their critics by soundly trouncing McGill 10-6. They had the best of the play all through the game, and their victory was never in doubt. The quality of hockey shown was quite equal to anything we have seen in the O. H. A. this year. In spite of the softness of the ice, both teams displayed remarkable speed, and never let up from start to finish. There was no loafing, and the forwards checked back with a regularity that was delightful to those who like to see a hard-fought contest. Of course, all this hard body-checking caused a certain degree of roughness. Many a time a rushing forward was rudely jolted off his feet or thrown into the boards. This is hard play, but it is not unfair play. The rules of course do not permit tripping or slashing, but they allow a legitimate use of the body in stopping an opponent. The Varsity team are very strong on defence. Their checking is vigorous in the extreme, and at times lays them open to a charge of roughness. However, a team which is not aggressive never wins championships, and the never-say-die spirit of the local students will be the strongest factor in landing them at the top of the Intercollegiate League.

At present Varsity, McGill and Queen's are tie, each having won and lost a game. To-night Varsity and Queen's are scheduled to meet in the Mutual street rink. If ice conditions are favorable the game ought to be a splendid exhibition of hockey. Queen's have always played fast, snappy hockey, and are noted for their

combination rushes. The Varsity team have compelled the knockers to bury their hatchets and admit that they are of real senior calibre. Accordingly there should be all kinds of excitement and something to cheer for when the two colleges meet. This will be the last Intercollegiate game in Toronto this year. It is a pity that the public are not given more opportunities of sizing up the Intercollegiate play. Two games a season are not enough to arouse enthusiasm in a class of hockey which has been systematically belittled, without being seen, by several of the local newspapers.

Mr. Ross, one of the trustees of the Stanley Cup, has proposed to hand it over to a committee composed of the presidents of the three chief Canadian hockey leagues, the Manitoba, Eastern Canada and Ontario Hockey Associations. The president of the O. H. A. has refused to come in on the deal. When one considers what infinite trouble this piece of silverware has caused its custodians, it will be seen that he is wise in his generation. Mr. Ross has a white elephant on his hands, which no sensible man would take at any price. No one wonders that he was willing to act as a mediator between the Ottawa Club and the champions of other leagues who have Stanley Cup aspirations. The lot of a Stanley Cup trustee is an unhappy one. No matter if he do his best to be obliging he will end up by pleasing no one. If he tries to live up to the rule that this cup shall be competed for only by amateur teams, he is stung on all sides by men whose eligibility he disputes. If he hands out clean bills of health to every player who asks for one he is attacked by the press for encouraging professionalism. Look at it as you will, the Stanley Cup trustee has a hard row to hoe. Accordingly the President of the O. H. A. was a prudent man in refusing that which could only cause him personal inconvenience, and which could be of no possible concern to the clubs in his association. No O. H. A. team has any chance of lifting the Stanley Cup, and it is folly to act as a watch-dog guarding the valuables of others.

It is a distinct novelty for games of golf, baseball, lawn-tennis and lawn-bowling to be played concurrently with hockey in the months of January and February. Such has been the case this year. What is surprising is that these summer games have been played with a fair degree of comfort and under conditions permitting of skill and science. It may be that the season of aquatic sports will open earlier this year than usual. The Argonaut Rowing Club, which is sending an eight-oared crew to Henley this summer, will be immensely benefited by an early start on the water. The crew have kept in training all winter and, if by any luck they can spend a couple of months in their boat before leaving for England, they should be in better condition than any Canadian eight which has previously gone abroad. The Argonaut crew, on their records of last year, nothing of the feeling between Port Hope and Whitby which makes a hockey match a more momentous struggle than a general election. We sit calmly in our seats and applaud according to the merits of the play. Very often we don't applaud at all. We never get so excited that we rush upon the ice and interrupt the play. It is sad to think of the pleasures we miss, but there is one compensating advantage—hockey games in Toronto never cause trouble to the O. H. A. Executive.

The new world's motor-car record of 28 1-5 seconds for the mile, made in the recent races at Ormond Beach, Florida, is the sensation of the automobile world. Apparently the modern high-power racing automobile is the fastest vehicle of locomotion yet discovered. Each year its speed becomes greater and greater, till one wonders what limit will ultimately be reached. At present it is hard to see what useful purpose is served by these dangerous speed contests. They seem to be of no more value to practical questions of locomotion than America Cup yacht races. They seem to be a fad for the rich, a sort of juggling with time and distance that serves only to fascinate the public, which is always agog for wonders and miracles. Some day, perhaps, the development of speed in motor-cars may benefit humanity, but till then the daring drivers will get little sympathy if they are killed in their experiments.

Oh, Memory!

There is no doubt that the tying of a piece of string round the finger is a really good aid to a poor memory; but there is a well-authenticated case of a man who tied a piece of cotton around his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut. On the way home to dinner that evening he noticed the piece of cotton.

"Ah, yes, I remember!" he said. And, smiling proudly, he entered the accustomed shop, and sat down before the accustomed artist.

"Er—yes, sir?" said the artist, puzzled inquiry in his tones.

"Eh?—oh, yes; cut my hair please," commanded the absent-minded one curtly.

"Why certainly, sir, if you wish it," said the artist. "But you won't mind my mentioning the fact that I cut it this morning, will you?"—Answers.

Sure of One, Anyway.

A district visitor once went to see an old Scotch woman who was dying. Noticing that her talk was all about herself and the minister, he said:

"Well, really, Jeannie, I believe you think there will be nobody in Heaven but yourself and the minister."

"Ah, weel," said the old woman, "an' I'm no' sae sure about the minister."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pleasant Old Gentleman—Have you lived here all your life, my little man? Arthur (aged six)—Not yet.—Illustrated Bits.

Some Local Golfers I Have Met.

S HALL I ever forget him or her—the first golfer I had met? In making a short-cut through a field to witness a football match at Rosedale, I emerged from a clump of bushes, and there he was. That was ten years ago, and still I see him as if he yet occupied the spot. He belongs to it. The memory of that landscape has no meaning without him. He was a tall, thin, grey, grandfather of a man, no doubt eminently respectable in appearance elsewhere and otherwise, for he had one of those hawk faces that nature never wastes on common persons. Yet, anyone ought to admit that it is startling to burst through the underbrush with one's eyes shut against the lashing of the little branches, and then open them for the first time in life on a tall, grey, grandfather of a man in a bright scarlet coat, wide knee-breeches, clocked stockings of yellow and black, and snow-white shoes. To come upon, in an opening in the woods, a "dummy" of the court of Charles II., playing bowls all by himself on the wrong continent and three centuries behind his age, could not have surprised me more. If I stood still and stared at him with evident surprise, it was no less apparent that he stood still and eyed me with resentment. We seemed to be alone, this being and myself, but were not; for, presently, I saw, some distance ahead, another form similarly attired but stout of figure and seemingly in high good humor as he awaited the tall man. Something had detained the latter. Presumably he had played his ball into the underbrush and had but succeeded in getting it out into the open as I happened along. Seeing that I neither walked forward nor spoke, the tall man's features relaxed; he looked at a white ball at his feet, laid a club



"Because if you are, say it now, before I attempt this shot."

against it, bent gently at the knees, swayed his body around, and hit the ball with his club. It bounced along the ground and lay still about fifty yards away.

"Good," I said, encouragingly, but he made no remark, so I followed him to where the ball lay. Here he dropped his bag and threatened the ball with one club, but, changing his mind, put it away and commenced hostilities with another. Two or three times he looked forward, changed the position of his feet, and wagged the club over the ball. Then he stopped.

"Are you about to speak?" he demanded.

"I did not know what he meant."

"Because if you are, say it now," he added, "before I attempt this stroke."

Thus encouraged, I ventured to ask him if this was golf.

"This," he said, "was intended to be golf when we left the club-house."

Then I asked him to tell me why he had changed his mind about using that first club he had taken from his bag.

"Because," he said, "that was a wooden club, and, according to the rules, I am not allowed to use a wooden club when a spectator is standing within twenty-five yards of me."

This struck me as a strange rule, and I told him so, asking how were strangers to acquire a knowledge of the game, if held off in this manner.

"How, indeed?" he asked.

Then he got ready to hit the ball.

"Wait," I said, but spoke too late, for the club was already descending and again the ball bounded fifty yards along the ground. "I was just going to tell you not to hit it with that club, but to take the wooden one, and I would go twenty-five yards away."

To this he made no reply, but strode forward and picked up his ball.

"Why do you pick the ball up?" I asked.

"I've won the hole—can't you see?" he explained. "I've already taken more strokes than my opponent up there. With your cheerful conversation I think I could win every hole."

This flattery I put aside, but in leaving I told him that there was a good deal more in golf than I had supposed.

"Really?" he enquired. "You know I suppose that golf is a Scotch game, and that the rules were drawn up by John Knox?" He made them very strict, so that not too much pleasure would be got out of the game."

"I never heard that John Knox—"

"You don't doubt my word?" he demanded.

"Not at all—not at all!" I hurried to say. "I'll look it up—it's most interesting that so austere a man—"

"The rules are as austere as him-

self. They are his most characteristic work."

Here the stout player was laughing as I looked at him.

"The idea," he chuckled, "of the young man not knowing that John Knox wrote the rules. Why, I thought everybody knew that."

They strode away, and I went thoughtfully to the football match.

It was only when I became a golfer myself that I understood that John Knox didn't, but very well might have; that there is no twenty-five-yard rule, but ought to be; that the grandfatherly man only "stuffed me" when in his rage for my having spoiled his play he longed to kill me first, and then stuff me for exhibit in the clubhouse. None the less it was a great pleasure to meet the gentleman years later in a match and beat him three up.

MACK.

WHY THE WISE FATHER DIS-INHERITS HIS SONS.

IN the old countries where the soil is crowded, the competition extremely keen, and castes firmly established, it is well enough for a father to leave some money to his son.

In America, however, where opportunity is wide open to talent, an inherited fortune is a calamity to a boy of any native ability, says the San Francisco "Bulletin."

A wise parent would as soon leave a curse as money to his son.

The father who gives his boy a good education performs his whole duty. If he permits the boy any luxuries or extravagances at school or college he thereby unites him in some measure for the struggle of life. Plain fare, plain clothes, simple recreations, carefully limited spending money and plenty of hard work are the things that make real men.

Too many boys, spoiled by indulgent fathers, commence life with exaggerated notions of their own importance and a disposition to underestimate the value of money. They look on a dollar not as a representation of a certain amount of labor, but as a metallic counter negotiable for a certain amount of food, comfort or sport. Now money is not to be valued, as the miser values it, for his own sake, but it is to be valued as the greatest incentive to human endeavor. Send a boy into the world overloaded with money and he will waste his time spending what he possesses instead of striving to get more. But the spending of money loosely has a corrupting effect on character, while the acquisition of money honestly by manual or intellectual labor tends to build up and strengthen character. Hence although the pursuit of money is not in itself noble, it is incidentally ennobling. The man who has his living to earn has no time for hurtful dissipation, while the man who has money to burn too often sings and shrivels his own soul in the flames.

Heritors of wealth are not all idlers and good-for-nothings, but so large a proportion of them are useless and negligible that the odds are heavily against the child so unfortunate as to be born with a gold spoon in his mouth. For one Theodore Roosevelt, whose inherited fortune did him good, there are a hundred human monkeys, frivolling away their time at Newport, who might have been decent men had they not been demoralized by wealth.

Wise fathers will cut their sons off with a dollar and leave the money to their daughters. Girls, being destined by nature for a home life and being weaker than men, are in need of the protection afforded by a father, a husband or a fortune. Women are not expected to work, except at home, or to make careers. Their province is to be mothers and to bring up children—a function of importance and honor which can be best performed when the livelihood is supplied by a man or a heritage.

An Excellent Showing.

The report of the North American Life Assurance Company, presented at the annual meeting, which appears elsewhere in this issue, shows that the Company has been making gratifying progress. A notable feature of the statement is the good increase shown in the amount of the net surplus, notwithstanding that the Company again reports large surplus payments to policy-holders whose policies have matured. The Company again follows its usual practice of including only the book value of bonds, stocks, etc., in the assets; and it is seen from the statement that a surplus of over \$100,000 is shown in the market value over the value in account.

A new departure, no doubt prompted by the recent public disquietude over the insurance situation, is especially noted in the statement. The Board of Directors announce that "the Annual Statement, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and the solid position of the Company, and containing a list of securities held, and those upon which the Company has made collateral loans, will be sent in due course to each policyholder."

This action on the part of the Directors and the desire it exhibits to make the policy-holders acquainted with the actual situation, will no doubt be satisfactory to all who are interested in the Company. The Statement of the year's growth, shows what careful and conservative methods, backed by sound business judgment and judicious management will do for the Company and the policy-holders. There can be no doubt that this Company is living up to its motto—"Solid as the Continent."

Jonny—Come in. Sister's expectin' you.

Mr. Stople—How do you know she is?

Jonny—She's been sleepin' all the afternoon.—"Cleveland Leader."

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Bottled only at the Apollinaris Spring,

Neuenahr, Germany,

and Only with its Own Natural Gas.

The Still Small Voice

of quality can always be heard above the noise and din of flashy pretension. Quietly but surely

Granby Rubbers

have gone on piling up their great majority of solid abiding friendship amongst consumers and dealers.

Granby and Quality

have always been synonymous terms in Rubber Footwear, and what our twenty years have joined together no man can put asunder.



THE CZAR.

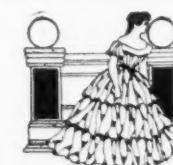
His Imperial Majesty, THE CZAR of RUSSIA

uses

VIN MARIANI

The Ideal French Tonic is used by the great Armies and Navies of the World, to prevent sickness, fevers, fatigue, give new blood, restore health, strength and vigor. The "U. S. Health Reports" say,—"It stimulates body and brain and restores quicker and better than other Tonics, and we have no hesitation in recommending it."

VIN MARIANI



SEARCH FAR AND WIDE



You'll always find that most of the well dressed men here in town, have their names on our valet list. We invite you to join them.

Fountain, "My Valet" Cleaner and Repairer of Clothes
30-32 Adelaide Street West Telephone M. 3074.

Old Furniture

Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

B.M. & T. Jenkins
422-424 Yonge St.,
Toronto.
Montreal. London, Eng.

INSURANCE

The very best kind of Insurance—i.e. provision for the FUTURE as well as the PRESENT is a Savings Account in

THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA

Interest paid FOUR TIMES A YEAR.

\$1.00 WILL OPEN AN ACCOUNT.

Put your money in a place where you can get it when you want it.

Main Office 28 King Street West.
Laird Temple Branch.....167 Church Street.
Market Branch168 King Street East.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA.

Quarterly Dividend.
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent. (1 1/2 p.c.) for the quarter ending 31st January, being at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, on the capital stock of this bank, has been declared, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and at the branches on and after Friday, the 16th day of February next. The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th prox. both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

Toronto, 9th January, 1906.

D. M. STEWART,
General Manager.

Do Not Marvel at the Popularity of Me

Traders are keen and drinkers are keen to know a good brand when they get it.

Take no chances on something just as good. CONVIDO PORT WINE is always good.

Sold by all dealers.
D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto,
Sole Canadian Agent.

PURE WOOL JAEGER Underwear

There is high-priced and low-priced underwear. "JAEGER" Pure Wool is noted for its durability, healthfulness and comfort, and does not cost you as much as it is worth. The extra wear and satisfaction is on your side of the bargain. "Jaeger" wear is therefore the most economical.

From leading dealers in all principal cities. Write for Catalogue No. 314.
Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co., Limited
2206 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL
WREYFORD & CO.
85 King Street West

Our CAMELHAIR Gloves, Vests and Sweaters are comfort necessities for winter sports.

Wreyford & Co.
85 King St. West

Through Tickets to California

Before leaving for California remember to get California literature, folders and time-tables from Southern Pacific Agents. Your choice of three routes—go one way and return another—fast limited trains and

Through Tourist Cars

personally conducted. Remember that low Colonist Rates will be in effect via Southern Pacific from February 15 to April 7, 1906.

For full information write to J. O. GOODSELL, T. P. A., Rm. 14 James Bld., Toronto.

Southern Pacific

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething for over fifty years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Knowledge is power until a man reaches the point where he knows it all.

The Ragged Heroine—Merciful heavens! I am perishing from the cold! Voice from the gallery—Sweep up the snowstorm and make a bonfire!

A MINE OF RAW MATERIAL FOR MODERN NOVELISTS.

It has been asserted that there is at least one novel in each person's life; and the letters showing upon the "Heart and Home" department of this paper, says the San Francisco "Bulletin," bear out the assertion. Daily the postman brings a score or thirty letters from troubled hearts who use the paper as a confessional and seek, under the veil of anonymity, counsel in some of the most difficult situations and consolation in some of the most dismal afflictions.

Of the authenticity of the letters and the sincerity of the writers there can be no question; the epistles bear all the marks, internal and external, of genuine outpourings of perplexity and sorrow.

Reading these letters, which open glimpses into the depths of the human heart, a novelist might accumulate a great store of suggestions and situations. Some of the letters are comic in their pathos; some are epic in their tragic note. Advice is sought on many matters, from the management of a chicken-yard to the alternative of adhering to a husband one does not love, or eloping with the man one loves but cannot marry on account of the existing impediment. Mothers ask a word of comfort for the loss of a baby. Young girls wish to be advised whether they would do well to accept the perfectly honorable proposals of elderly widowers having six or seven children. Love-lorn youths desire points on the art of bringing to anchor the tossed affections of a coquette. Thrifty housewives invite information on the trick of making old clothes look like new. In short, the department is a moving panorama of human life, its petty concerns and its grand passions, its meanness and its grandeur, its sordid and its noble aspects. It is a continuous novel, in short chapters, a whole comedy humaine, taken directly from reality, and covering every facet of human existence; a novel that belongs to no school and to every school, save the historical; realistic, romantic, naturalistic, erotic, psychological. It is not literature, because the writers of the letters have not the rare talent of making literature, but it is the raw material of literature.

Rogers on the Stand.

Up arose the Prosecutor,
Half insane
With his passionate vehemence;
"Once again,
Madly he vociferated,
"Will you deign—
Answer truly—List and heed it—
Give an answer, for I need it!"
Smiled Dad Rogers, "Yes, indeed, it
Looks like rain."

"Hear me now!" the Prosecutor
Madly thund-
ered and foamed in mighty anger
"Answer one—
Only one interrogation:
Did you plun—
"He! he!" laughed Dad Rogers
shrilly,
"No, I don't know who struck Billy
Patterson."

"Hear me!" howled the Prosecutor,
"Wicked man!
If you can!
Just one question answer truthful,
Do you know what truth is, now?
Did you—" "Please stop all this row!"
Grinned Dad Rogers. "Don't know how
Old is Ann!"

Raged and danced the Prosecutor
From Missoo;
"Loosen up now, Mr. Rogers!
Tell me who
Was the head of this vile gang—"
Loud his voice in menace rang;
Smiled Dad Rogers, "I think Lang
Wrote 'Boy Blue.'"

Sad they bore the Prosecutor
Through the door;
Judge shed tears in vast profusion
On the floor;
Mr. Rogers through the mail
Made his way. "This day of toil,"
Said he, "boosts the price of Oil
Two points more."

An Effective Speech.

Congressman Fred Landis, of Indiana, has apparently determined to make a reputation for himself as an orator. A year or so ago Landis spoke at the unveiling of a monument to Abraham Lincoln, in which speech he employed a number of beautifully rounded periods and somewhat obscure phrases, among them: "Abraham Lincoln—that mystic mingling of star and cloud." The sentence was loudly applauded. After the speech a friend of Landis approached him, and, repeating the phrase, said: "Fred, what in the name of heaven does that mean?" Putting his arm around his friend's shoulder, Landis replied: "I don't know, really, but it gets 'em every time."

Quartette Choirs in Toronto.

TORONTO is one of the greatest musical centers in America, but most of the vocalists of the city are chiefly interested in chorus work. This may account for the fact that while in the United States quartette choirs are very numerous and popular, there are only two in Toronto. These are at the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street, and the Walmer road Baptist Church. The Unitarian Church quartette choir was the first organized in Toronto, having been in existence over fifteen years. This quartette at the present time is composed of the following singers:

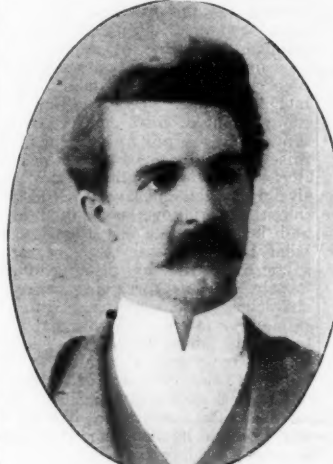
THE WALMER ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH QUARTETTE CHOIR.



MISS J. MARJORIE RATCLIFF,
Soprano.



MRS. EDMUND HARDY,
Contralto.



MR. R. D. NORRIS,
Tenor.



MR. J. ROBERT PAGE,
Baritone.

Miss Emma E. Beers, soprano; Miss Alice Halls, contralto; Mr. Walter Roddis, tenor, and Mr. J. L. O'Malley, baritone. The quartette idea was introduced at the Walmer road church two years ago, and the singers forming the choir are: Mrs. Edmund Hardy, contralto; Miss J. Marjorie Ratcliff, soprano; Mr. R. D. Norris, tenor, and Mr. J. Robert Page, baritone. In both of these churches the quartette form of choir is very popular. Although neither of the congregations is large, both are reputed to be wealthy and so are in a position to make a choice in the matter. The members and adherents of both

services. Toronto Choirmasters, however, to whom these little troubles are most familiar, would be the first ones to arise and make a mighty protest against a general sweeping-away of the chorus choirs. They would point out the comparatively small range to which a quartette is confined and all their other limitations. It does not seem probable that the quartette choir will at any early date acquire a wide vogue among the churches of Toronto, where chorus work is so popular. It has many points to recommend it, however.

His Good Point.

There is a clergyman in Richmond, Va., who enjoys telling the following at his own expense:

"One Sunday I was returning home when I was accosted by a quaint old woman, housekeeper of a dear friend of mine."

"I want to tell you, sir," said the old woman, "how much I enjoy going to church on the days that you preach."

"Expressing my appreciation of the compliment, I added that I was much gratified to hear it, adding that I feared I was not as popular a minister as others in the city, and I finally asked:

"And what particular reason have you for enjoyment when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she answered with appealing candor, "I get such a good seat then!"—"Philadelphia Ledger."

Aristocratic Burglars.

The arrest of an important band of burglars is described in the Soviet as just having been effected in Moscow. Thirteen men and women are now under lock and key. They were the aristocrats of the profession, and disdained any operations likely to yield any result under £2,000. They had a town house in Moscow, rent £400 a year, and furnished at a cost of £2,000. They had also a country house near Moscow, where telephones and electric light were fitted. Fine horses and carriages served for their pleasure excursions; the horses in the stables being pure breeds, and their lawns and flower beds were tended by the most highly qualified gardeners they could hire. Their last exploit was worth over £6,000 to them in securities, gold and diamonds. They were dressed in the finest material and latest fashions. Those arrested were caught during the night, while most of them were asleep, but one was writing out a telegram to an accomplice in Odessa—"London Tit-Bits."

"How did he happen to settle in Montreal?" "Because he owed everybody in Toronto."

Industrious Youth.

"That intelligent-looking boy there," said the schoolmaster to the friend whom he was showing round, "is Brown. I am proud of Brown. I have inculcated in him the love of learning to such an extent that he now prefers study to play. See, he is busy now, while all the others are at play. I wonder what he is writing? Timmin's Latin prose, I expect. I will ascertain."

He called the lad to him. "Brown," he said, "let me see the result of your industry while others are wasting their time."

"I—I would rather not, sir," said Brown.

"Note his modesty!" the schoolmaster whispered to his friend. "Come Brown, let me see what you have been writing."

Still the boy demurred, but the schoolmaster insisting, at last secured the paper, and this is what he found written in neat imitation of feminine handwriting:

"Please excuse my son James from school to-day, as he is wanted at home."

No More on Earth.

"Sir, I am a student of the Political Study Club."

"Well, what can I do for you, sir?" "I want to look through your telescope, sir."

"My telescope?" "Yes, sir; I want to see if Saturn's smashed his rings, too."—"Baltimore American."

Repatee.

Policeman (to tramp on park bench)—There is no sleeping allowed here! Tramp—There ain't? Then what are you doing here?—"Puck."

He—Did you know I had become an actor?

She—no. All I heard was that you had gone on the stage.

If the drivers of automobiles are to be given a new name, why not call them automovillains?

NATURAL LAXATIVE MINERAL WATER

Hunyadi János

FOR CONSTIPATION

Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a small bottle—and drink half a glass on arising.

A NEWSPAPER PEER.

THE elevation to the peerage of Sir Alfred Harmsworth has roused the wrath of some English papers. His success as owner and editor of the London "Daily News," "Daily Mail," "Daily Mirror," "Comic Cuts" and some thirty or'er journals, has been great financially. His departure from the tradition of English journalism has, however, displeased many people, and the "Saturday Review" (London) declares:

"Sir Alfred Harmsworth has a genius for commercial organization, which being translated means the power of getting the most for the least out of one's fellow-creatures. He has also a perception, amounting to an instinct, of the kind of printed stuff which the million like to read. We say advisedly that he has done more than any man of his generation to pervert and enfeeble the mind of the multitude. By his numerous journals he has catered for their morbid love of the sensational and their vulgar taste for personal gossip; while narrations such as that of the Pekin massacre have trained them to prefer excitement to truth. In short, we feel bound to express our opinion that Sir Alfred Harmsworth has exploited for his own profit the foibles and the ignorance of the masses."

The "Speaker" (London) says Mr. Balfour can have no excuse in suggesting the editor's name unless he holds "that anyone is a benefactor who will teach the masses not to think." The "Outlook" (London), on the contrary, thinks this newspaper man "goes to the House of Peers as the Carnot of journalism." In the opinion of this journal "he has won his promotion, for the 'Daily Mail' was one of the most sensible and efficient journalistic enterprises ever conceived; it has rendered decisive and invaluable support to the Imperial cause in politics; it has conquered circulation by the planning and driving ability which is as worthy of recognition in business as in war."

A Female Political Boss.

The American woman seems to be invading every branch of industry, even those formerly thought the exclusive domain of men. Women in politics are not new, but the New York "Sun" recently printed a story which told of the work of Mrs. Max Porges, who is one of Tammany's election district captains in fact, although not in name. Her son, A. J. Porges, is the nominal captain of the 15th election district of the Eighth Assembly district on New York's East Side, but "The Sun" says, every one who knows the facts knows that Mrs. Porges is the real leader of that district, and has been for something like twenty-five years.

Mrs. Porges is one of the famous Division street milliners. She attends to business every day for eleven months a year. When election time comes round she forsakes it absolutely.

Then she spends all her time in the saloon and hotel at the corner of Forsyth and Rivington streets, which she and her husband bought in 1876, after her husband failed in the wholesale liquor business. From their hotel thirty-one voters registered and cast their ballots in November.

"Every one of 'em voted the straight Tammany ticket," says Mrs. Porges proudly. "It was the first time we ever had a solid Tammany vote from our house, but I did have to work to win one man over! I'll bet no other election district captain of Tammany can show such a result. And me only a woman, too!"

And how does Mrs. Porges do her work? The old Tammany methods of proved efficiency are hers.

A ton of coal here and there, an evicted family put back in rooms, a note indorsed, bail for those arrested, rents paid, broad charity for those in distress, funeral bills partly assumed, favors for pushcart men—it all goes. It is worth while to go with her to the pushcart district. Her husband as Alderman helped to make the pedler's lot easier. When she appears they crowd around her and she resembles a hen with a brood of chickens.

But election morning is the great sight.

Around the Porges hotel a great crowd assembles as early as 5 o'clock. Then Mrs. Porges appears, and at the head of a big procession, election workers of high and low degree, she sweeps around to the Bowery and all hands have a free breakfast, Republicans as well as Democrats, and the house of Porges pays for it.

Anything you want you can have. Lyons' place is jammed and it costs a pretty penny. Then it's vote, and vote straight, and Mrs. Porges knows that she has begun the day right. She often has as many as twenty-five voters on her own staff of workers.

Let a man become known as wab-bly, Mrs. Porges knows how a legitimate election day job can be given to him that will hold him in line.

Inspector—Is there anything the matter with your gas?

Lady—Yes, sir. It has a very bad case of quick consumption.

Beulah—Why do you call it a double elopement?

Alma—He first ran away with her and then with her money.

CLARK'S ROAST BEEF

Ready to serve.
Just open the tin.
England's Beef Eaters can find no better nor more nourishing food than Clark's Roast Beef.

W. CLARK, MFR.
MONTREAL

Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
A revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. There are offered you in the BARK WORLD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for \$1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class drug stores, department stores and

The Robert Simpson Co., Limited,
Toronto.

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg
King St. West

HERBERT C. JAQUITH,
Confederation Life Bldg.

J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
152 Bloor St. East.

The Imperial Trusts Company

of Canada,
GEO. H. GOODERHAM, Pres.

Subscribed Capital, \$400,000. Assets, \$427,578.
Invested Funds, \$345,903.

4 per cent. Allowed on all deposits. Subject to withdrawal by cheque.

Head Office 16-18 Adelaide St. East.

WE CAN SAVE YOU 25 TO 75 PER CENT ON TYPEWRITERS

We are the largest handlers of slightly-used typewriters in Canada and offer guaranteed rare bargains such as no other house can approach. Machines shipped for your examination and approval to any point in Canada. We rent all makes of machines at \$3 a month and up.

FREE instruction, no charge, write or phone for prices.

THE DOMINION TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

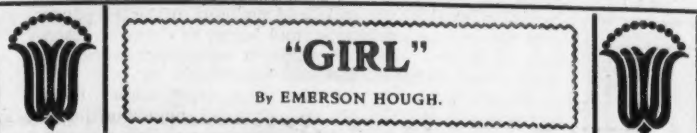
Dominion Building, 72 Victoria Street
TORONTO, CANADA

Our French Process of Dry Cleaning Works Wonders

Cleans the most elaborately trimmed garments without ripping apart.

R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

201 and 777 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 472
and 1384 Queen St. West, 777 Queen St. East.



HARRELL sat alone in the long, high-ceiled library of his city house. About him were books, heavy furniture, deep draperies. A narrow window or so let out upon the street, but no sound came through the shrouding and softening curtains, nor did rustle or whisper reach the ear through the silken covered doors which made towards the interior of the house. This was the sanctuary of the master. For the last three months he had been more and more in the habit of resorting to it. Here he could have silence, silence, and again silence. Of late he had seemed to crave it.

Time was when Harrell looked upon these rich surroundings with pride of ownership. They flattered him. In his twenty years of business life in the city he had reached success—an American success. Folk pointed him out in awe, in a vast American envy. They felt a certain reverence for this august residence, tall, severe, seclusive. Harrell himself joined them in this feeling. He was proud of his own success. For twenty years with the fierce joy of conflict, he had kept the business pace, more than kept it—had made it, forced it. Others had lagged and fallen, but not he.

Now he asked himself how it was, since these things were true, he could feel anything but weariness or fatigue; why it was that more and more often he came to this sanctuary to find solitude and silence. Yet, as to that, whose affair was it but his own?

It was Sunday afternoon. About Harrell's cushioned chair lay component parts of two Sunday newspapers. He had been trying to read them through, in the performance of one of his weekly duties. Church? He had not been inside a church for fifteen years. He remembered vaguely this afternoon that his father had been a deacon; that when he himself was a child his mother had been wont, on Sunday morning to pin about his neck a broad white collar and send him out to Sunday school. All that was a thousand years ago. They had been poor. As for himself, he had succeeded. He had had no mother for very many years. He had had the city. He had succeeded—yes, there was no doubt of that. That proof lay all about him.

As he gazed at the printed page before him, Harrell frowned; his broad jaw tightened in indignation. He had read this column-head several times, and he had forgotten it. Why should he be preoccupied? He had read of the danger of too much preoccupation. Perhaps he would do better if he took up the magazines. He did so. He found himself reading the same page over and over again. He forgot the full-page picture, and turned back again. Now he began to wonder in a vague way, and as he did so he sat up, listening.

What was that annoying noise? Was anyone talking, whispering, disturbing him against his orders, breaking the silence which he coveted, which he needed? He frowned sternly and turned again to the page, which again began to blur. His mind was unstable, its detail not clean-cut in line, its performance like that of an unfocused lens. It once again came to his ears, that sound. It was not whispering; it was not distant talking. It was moaning, low, distant moaning, as of some creature suffering.

Harrell sprang upright. His face had horror on it. It was his own voice that he had heard!

"God have mercy!" he murmured to himself. "I didn't know I was ill. Nonsense, nonsense!" He repeated it over and over again, looking about him. He stepped to the tall glass and gazed at the reflection which he saw. He seemed full-figured, a bit florid, apparently strong and healthy. Perhaps his gaze was a trifle tired, but then—might not a man become tired now and again? The forehead was still smooth, the eyes clear enough. A faint shade of something lay upon his face. But nothing, —no, there was nothing in the face he saw which could suggest that back of it was hell!

"Am I going insane?" Harrell asked himself, seating himself and undertaking to argue the matter impartially. "Has anything gone wrong without my knowing it?" He paused, thinking. Again that sound came to his ear—the low moaning—his own voice! He shuddered, the sweat coming out on his face.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed again. "It is physical, purely. A brisk walk, a little exercise—" His glance fell upon a pair of dumb-bells in front of the mirror. He picked them up and began going through a series of exercises. He had been an athlete in his day. It was of no use. His arms felt at his sides nerveless. A cold terror seized him. He sprang to the door, found his hat and coat in the hall, and hastened to the street.

The air and sunlight steadied him a trifle. "It is all right," he assured himself. "It might become serious, but must see a doctor." He recalled that he would attend to it in time. I suppose I of late he had seen his wife look at him queerly, and had heard her sigh. At least she was not there to bother him to-day. It was three months since she had left for Old Point with her friends. He was proud of his wife. She carried off things well. And if one cared to remain home alone quietly, whose affair was it but his own? If one found it necessary to consult a doctor for a little nervousness, whose affair was that unless his own? Arnold was a specialist. He did not really require a specialist, he assured himself, but Arnold was a member of one of his clubs, and—well, he would drop in on Arnold casually.

But Doctor Arnold, the celebrated specialist, was not at home, neither was Billings, on the second block, nor Ismond, nor Joachim.

"Why don't these fellows stay at home?" protested Harrell to himself querulously. "Why, one might be really ill! You know—a man obliged to

go to work on Monday morning."

In a half daze Harrell found himself wandering away from the wide, clean, paved avenue with rows of mansions like his own. He found himself far to one side, upon a street he had never seen. There were apartments, flats, he supposed they called them, long rows of them, dingy, dreary, hopeless. Blurred lights began to shine as the twilight fell. Harrell had always hated November and the twilight. He looked about him now and there came upon him a sudden horror, an impulse to flee. It seemed to him that the eyes of some threatening creature were fastened upon him. The city seemed to him a great unclean beast of prey, ready to spring upon him, licking its chops now in the anticipated taste of human blood. He thought he had conquered the city, but the cynicism of the city now lay plain before him. Again there came to his ears the low moaning of some suffering creature—he did not know whether of his voice or another's. His pace quickened to a half run, and he fled down the street without purpose, seeking only escape.

When he came more to his proper senses, he found himself within the doorway of a dingy apartment building, over whose entrance was a simple sign: "Dr. Wallingford." Harrell found himself pushing on up the stairs, pausing at length in front of a door with the same name upon a smaller sign. He knocked and was received by a gray-haired man of middle age, who looked inquiringly at him and asked him in.

"I would like to see the doctor—Doctor Wallingford," began Harrell. "I am Doctor Wallingford. Walk into my office, please," replied the other. The "office" was simply the hall bedroom of the apartment, its single window facing upon the street. Its walls showed a few books, a case or so of bottles, glasses and the like.

"Take this chair, if you please," said the doctor, motioning his visitor into a well-worn rocker near the window. Harrell seated himself as he did so looking keenly, almost defiantly, into the face of the other man. It was a face a trifle lined—old, if one cared so to phrase it—yet the eyes were bright and steady, and the whole expression less one of professional solicitude than of genuine kindness. There was no apology in Doctor Wallingford's attitude, nor any feeling of inadequacy apparent in his demeanor. "Might I ask your name?" he inquired.

"My name is Willard Harrell. I live over on the avenue, a block or so." "Yes, I thought as much." "How did you know?" The doctor smiled.

"One does not reach the station Willard Harrell has attained in life without being known, even in the city," said he; but there was no flattery in his speech. "Why did you come here, Mr. Harrell?" he continued.

"Because I needed you—that is, because I needed some doctor very much. I went out after Arnold—others whom I know. In some way I got over here—I am in a bad way, doctor."

The physician nodded silently. "You need not explain," said he gently. "That is, you need not explain your coming here. The main question is whether or not I can be of help to you." "Oh, then, there can be help, you think? And doctor, do you feel—that is—are you—competent in a case like this?"

"I am not a specialist," said Doctor Wallingford quietly. "I am not a great man. But, without making any off-hand diagnosis, I think perhaps I can be of use to you. I do not wholly need to be told, from the look of your eye, the color of your skin, your general expression, your actions, that you are in a very nervous condition. Perhaps you suffer from a touch of neurasthenia—that is as good a word as any for it. You see, I have told you I am not a specialist."

Harrell sat and stared at him, but could find no immediate comment. The speech of the other was simple and free from any egotism, yet in some way it seemed to carry conviction. The acony on Harrell's face carried no less conviction in turn.

"You are probably living in hell, sir," said Wallingford, looking at him again. "How did you know?" blurted out Harrell. "Who told you, and why should it be so? I have done nothing—besides, what do you know about it?"

Doctor Wallingford smiled. "No one can know anything about it," said he, "who has not died and walked unburied, as you do now."

"And you mean to tell me—" Harrell half sprang up from his chair.

"I mean to tell you this much. The nervous system may be hurt in many different ways for many different persons. Without intruding my own affairs, I can tell you that I understand something of your present condition. I am, unfortunately, qualified to understand it."

Harrell drew a long breath and turned his head. His eye was restless, his brow moist, yet perforce he listened.

"In your case," went on the even voice of the physician, "the cause was success. In my own case, it was failure. As to that, joy and sorrow, excess and want, success and failure, each has the symptoms of its opposite."

Harrell turned back now, his chin in his hand. "One thing I can say as to yourself, doctor," he said, "and that is this, I would trade places with you now, even up, my success for your failure. You got well?"

"Yes, and so shall you, Mr. Harrell. I do not doubt," replied Wallingford, quietly.

A slow flush came over his visitor's face. Again he drew a deep breath. "If I could believe that!"

"Don't believe anything about yourself just yet, Mr. Harrell. If you knew that every messenger that brought you a telegram was bringing you a false one, was reporting to you false news, would you feel warranted in believing them?"

"Meaning?"



Dr. Probe: It might be wise for you to call in a specialist. Witherly: Then for your sake, Doctor, you'd better send in your bill first.—"Life."

"Your nerves are messengers, Mr. Harrell, unworthy ones, and unreliable at this time."

"But I cannot dispense with them, I cannot discharge them—" "No, but perhaps we can put them under a reform management. Let us see. Now you ask me to tell you your own story? You want to hear that, do you not? It may be of use to you."

Harrell nodded. "As to myself," went on Wallingford, "there was little of the sensational in my case, simply that of a country doctor who did not stop to rest. You see, I first started in a small town. Arnold, by the way, was a classmate of mine, but he came to the city at first. I came here at the last—came here, in short, to be forgotten, to die. I have lived here in hell, as you are living now over on the avenue, Mr. Harrell."

"My wife and I saved a few hundred dollars out of the financial ruin which meant so much to us. For a time we traveled, to secure rest for me, change of scene, a milder climate. We spent most of our money traveling, and I came here, as I said, to finish my career of failure."

"Yet I tried to rebel all I could. With all my might I argued that it was wrong for me to lie awake at night with torture in my breast, to wake up groaning—to wake up realizing that if a choice were left to me, I would turn my face to the wall, never again to rise to go on with the fight."

"I know," broke in Harrell; "I know how that is!" "Of course you do. The most dangerous symptom is lack of interest in life. We ought all to enjoy life, to exult in the fact that we are alive. I do enjoy that fact to-day, Mr. Harrell, and so shall you some day again. I truly hope. But let me tell you my own story just as it occurred."

"One day I wandered into a saloon, a cheap place, frequented by foreigners, laboring men, teamsters, drivers and the like. I sat down at one of the little tables and ordered me a mug of beer, trying to be as like those about me as I knew how. You smile? You never have been in such a place. Your way in life has been other than this. That is partly the reason why you turn your face to the wall in the morning and ask God what is the use of it all. You have not learned that there are other worlds besides your own, other people in the world besides yourself. Ah, pardon me if I make you wince. A surgeon sometimes must."

"My teamsters were not, perhaps, overclean, but they were healthy, hearty fellows. Some better class foreigners came there once in awhile. It seemed to be a sort of meeting place or club. They were a normal, gregarious set. They did not seem so tense, so hard and ruthless as you and I have been. Mr. Harrell. Five cents for a mug of beer, and a radish or so from the common table—they would sit and laugh, and were happy. They were happier than I, although I had had a university education, although I was a thinker, a student, a man of letters, after a fashion, and in business had been a worker, a striver, bent upon my ambitions. They were happier than you are, Mr. Harrell, although perhaps some of them were in your employment."

"Now, I shall not pretend to tell you when my cure began. I shall only say that, without much plan, I went back to my little saloon with the sanded floor often after this. I ate a radish, drank a pint, and tried to make myself as near like the others as possible. You will understand what I mean by that, of course."

"So if you ask me about my cure, Mr. Harrell, I tell you briefly, there it is, and that is what I shall prescribe for you, in one form or another."

"Odd medicine!" exclaimed Harrell. "Yes, and discovered by chance, as are many remedies. I do not ask you to do precisely as I did. Find your own remedy, as I did. In brief, it is to discover for yourself that the world is wide enough for all, and that there is in it some one besides yourself. When you can learn that, Mr. Harrell, you are cured. Arnold might not tell you this."

"I wish I could believe it!" groaned Harrell, passing his hand across his face. "It's easy to believe, or ought to be," said Doctor Wallingford. "My dear sir, living is only swimming in deep water, and we all are children. If we hurry we perish. Resign ourselves—float—and we are saved. Learn to float. Mr. Harrell; for, after all, you are but one chip of many on the tide of life, and the tide is master of us all alike."

"Now you call this preaching, not practicing medicine, don't you? You want some specific remedy, or at least you must have some specific name for my remedy? Very well, you shall have it. Call it democracy, call it humanity. Remember, I do not preach this as philosophy, but as medicine. I have es-

tablished no fad, no cult, have made no discovery, and offer no 'cure.' I have nothing to proclaim, Mr. Harrell, which has not been in the world all the time. I am poor. I have not succeeded. Yet a moment ago you were so good as to offer to exchange places with me. Forgive me, I do not yet care for the exchange."

His patient shifted uneasily in his chair. "But this does not help me—" he began. "My dear sir," reproved Wallingford, "why do you insist upon the A, B, C? Of course, I cannot help you—it is you who are to help yourself. But remember, my remedy grows on a tree whose roots are in the grave of egotism. You cannot get well if you think only of yourself."

"By Jove!" said Harrell suddenly. "I believe you are right, I do, by Jove!" "Of course I am right, as you can prove out of your own life. Hasn't any one ever done you an unselfish act, ever helped you without hope of pay?"

Harrell shook his head. "Not lately," he said grimly; "but sometime—" "Surely you have seen disproved, many a time in your own life, all the brute religion of survival. Why—in my own case—" Wallingford hesitated.

"Yes, go on," urged his visitor. "I hardly know that I should say more than I have regarding my own affairs. Perhaps I ought not to speak of her—"

"You have promised. But whom do you mean by 'her'?"

"I mean my wife," said Wallingford, raising his head. "The story is part hers. She helped me—perhaps she would like to help you, too—if our little story could do that."

"I am sure she would, sir," answered Harrell. "If you please, I think I would like to hear it all." His voice was gentler than it had been for years. "You see," continued Wallingford finally, "my wife and I were very poor, as I have said. We lived here in this same little flat, excepting that we had not funds to rent more than two rooms—not these, but the kitchen and a little room adjoining. We ate and cooked and slept in that space. It was a hard situation for a woman gently reared, who had been used to other associations."

Wallingford's face grew serious, as did also Harrell's, who sat thinking of the house he had left behind him, the silken-draped halls of false silences which he had set up as his asylum.

"One week, Mr. Harrell, we had just two dollars for our rent and our living. It was but a very few cents we could spend for food. You do not know about such matters. You may have heard about such things, read of them, but you do not know about them."

"By Jove, I have no right to complain!" exclaimed Harrell, smiting his hand upon his knee.

"As much right as I, and I as much as you," replied the physician. "It was not fit to survive, but I survived."

"Yes, and my success for your survival—that trade should go if we could make it!" Harrell's eyes were shining now. "Go on," he demanded.

"We had no money and no furniture," continued Wallingford, half musingly. "We had no table. We ate from a board resting upon two chair backs. But every morning, when that hour of blackness came, you know what that is—when I was ready to curse God that he had left me a coward—why, then my wife would get up and begin the day; and she began it with a smile and a song. I did not deserve it, but never in those cruel times, I tell you, did I ever see anything but a smile upon my wife's face, though that were upon the blackest morning. Now, explain that to me, Mr. Harrell, under the laws of your life."

Harrell turned his face to the window, and the two remained silent for a time. "I came to the right place," remarked Harrell, at length. "I'm glad I came. Yes, I'm glad."

"Have you been very unhappy, Mr. Harrell?" asked the doctor.

Harrell turned a mute look upon him in reply. "I do not compare my life with yours," went on Wallingford. "I do not say to you that you ought to be happy because you are rich. The rich are often the least happy. In time their messengers lie to them. They cease to be in touch with the real world, with actual life. I do not boastfully call myself happy. I am simply not unhappy. You see, we did hang out our little shingle alone. Some days I have a number of calls. I am able now to carry a life insurance of five thousand dollars. Not much, but better than none. My wife is at least comfortable, and for that I thank God!"

"And you say you are not a success!" broke in Harrell.

"I said that I was not a specialist," corrected Wallingford, smiling.

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City of New York!" rejoined Harrell, impulsively.

Wallingford appeared not to hear him. "Are you a married man yourself, Mr. Harrell?" he asked.

"Yes, and married to as good a woman as ever lived. She is away now, been away for three months or so. Some way, of late I did not seem to care to have anyone around. Perhaps I have been a bit indifferent. You know—"

"I presume you have been very busy," said the doctor. "They are very strange, are they not, these women?"

"Yes, strange," replied Willard Harrell, in speech new to himself. "They are the nerves of the universe—they're our messengers from God!" He flinched like a boy, and, seeing this, Wallingford smiled again in his gentle way. "Now, how about these Others—the first Other in your own case, Mr. Harrell? But pardon me—" he interrupted himself.

There came through the half-open door a little sound, a footfall, the rustle of a skirt. As Doctor Wallingford stepped towards the door, Harrell now saw approaching a sweet, gray-haired woman, middle-aged, not extraordinary, medium in all ways, he would have called her. She was dressed simply. There seemed a strange dignity in the manner in which these two greeted each other.

"Are you going out, Girl?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, to one of the neighbors for a moment," he said. "don't stay away too long."

When he re-entered the little office, Harrell was standing with head turned away.

"I shall want to see you often, doctor," he began stumbly. "I want you to tell me more about things."

"You want me to tell you about the Others?"

"Yes," said Harrell, slowly. "I want to look upon you as one of those Others. I want to meet you—and your wife—some day."

"Yes, please come to see us." "And you will do as much for me and my wife?"

"Ah, you are just remembering that you have a wife of your own?" "I have never given her a chance," said Harrell. "I have bought her everything, done everything—"

"Yes, but you never gave her a chance. My dear man—a radish, a crust, a green field, a friend, a good woman—these may do very much. In short, sir, they may effect a cure. I hope you will find it so. You will pardon me if I do not make any other prescription for you this afternoon."

Willard Harrell, successful business man, dashed a hand across his eyes, and trusted himself to nothing more than a hand-clasp. "Come to see us!" he heard the cheerful voice of Wallingford repeat as he reached the head of the stair.

As Harrell slowly walked the street in the direction of his own home, it seemed to him that the eyes did not glare at him, that the city did not crouch as though to spring upon him. He passed a low door where hung the small blue sign of a telegraph office. His message was simple:

"Mrs. Willard Harrell, Old Point: Please come home, Georgia, girl! I want you. Will!"

General Traffic Manager—So forty were killed in the wreck? We must fix the responsibility.

Superintendent of Rebates—Hadm't we better fix the roadbed?

President—All will be well if we fix the legislature.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Points About People

A FEW days ago a letter was received by a young Englishman engaged in one of the Toronto financial institutions, that has caused some amusement in the establishment. The letter was from the young man's aunt in England, and she desired that her nephew should pay his respects to a friend of the family who is now in Canada. "I trust," his aunt wrote, "that you will take the very first opportunity of calling upon Rev. Mr. —. He is a missionary at a place called Hamilton." The lady in the case little knew how her words would wound the Ambitious City.

Almost a year ago, just after Premier Whitney had formed his new cabinet, a prominent Methodist minister of Conservative leanings took occasion to call upon the leader of the Ontario party to congratulate him on his January victory. The recently-appointed Provincial Secretary, Hon. W. J. Hanna of Sarnia, was in Mr. Whitney's office, and the Premier promptly introduced him to the clergyman, adding by way of biographical reference: "Mr. Hanna is a strong Methodist."

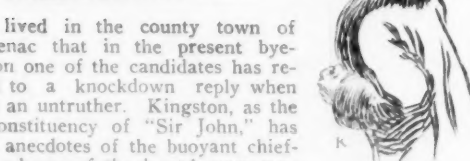


"Indeed," said Dr. C., beaming upon the genial minister, "let me see, Mr. Hanna. Who is the pastor in the Methodist charge in Sarnia?" The Methodist delegate to the cabinet looked as unhappy as is possible to that benign orator, and said slowly: "Well, he hasn't been there very long. He is a Mr. —."

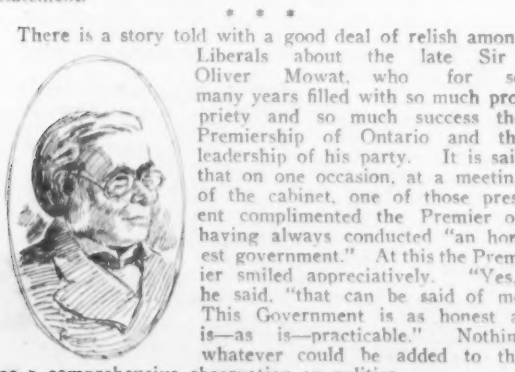
Mr. — or—that is—well, I'm hanged if I remember the man's name. But Dr. C., being a strong upholder of the party, still maintains that it was just a "momentary lapse" of memory.

It is said that a Toronto shopkeeper has recently given orders that no profanity is to be used by his employees while engaged on the premises. On Thursday morning of last week, a clerk was clumsy enough to drop a rather heavy parcel on the toes of an irascible fellow-worker, who exclaimed savagely: "If you can't be more careful you can go to—"

Kingston has always taken its politics seriously—with a stick in it, as it were—so it is no surprise to those who



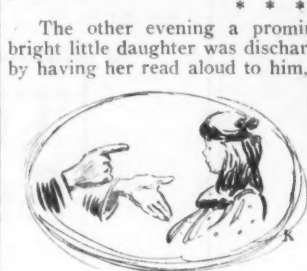
have lived in the county town of Frontenac that in the present bye-election one of the candidates has resorted to a knockdown reply when called an untruthful. Kingston, as the old constituency of "Sir John," has many anecdotes of the buoyant chieftain and one of the least-known concerns itself with a stormy election night in the seventies, when it was learned that, probably in consequence of the "Pacific unpleasantness," MacDonald had been defeated. Down on the market square the unfortunate Conservative made several vain attempts to address the yelling mob. At last his voice was heard above the tumult, shouting: "Gentlemen, I'm going to do what the devil never did yet." Here was an instant hush to hear what might be the defeated candidate's intentions. "Gentlemen, I'm going to leave you," he announced, bowed solemnly, and disappeared. There was a roar of laughter from the enemy, and Sir John had already gone far towards reinstatement.



There is a story told with a good deal of relish among Liberals about the late Sir Oliver Mowat, who for so many years filled with so much propriety and so much success the Premiership of Ontario and the leadership of his party. It is said that on one occasion, at a meeting of the cabinet, one of those present complimented the Premier on having always conducted "an honest government." At this the Premier smiled appreciatively. "Yes," he said, "that can be said of me. This Government is as honest as is—as is—practicable." Nothing whatever could be added to this as a comprehensive observation on politics.

A certain Toronto professor is, as learned professors are sometimes apt to be, extremely absent-minded. His

wife exercises constant surveillance over all his actions when they are out together, and she makes it a point to accompany him as much as possible in order to act as his mentor. One night not long ago the professor attended a function of some importance at his college, and delivered an address. After the affair was over he left the platform and joined his wife. She was terribly silent. "Was I guilty of any indiscretion in the course of my address, my dear?" inquired the professor fearfully, for he saw that something was wrong. "Were you guilty of any indiscretion?" repeated his wife in cutting accents. "Well, I should think you were! What do you think you did? Your address was all right, but when you finished and the applause began you sat back in your chair beaming, and no one clapped louder or longer than you did yourself."



The other evening a prominent citizen who has a bright little daughter was discharging his duty as a parent by having her read aloud to him, while he would stop her at intervals and ask her to make such explanations as seemed necessary. Presently the little girl came to the word "purgatory." Here the father interposed. "Stop, my dear," he said. "What is purgatory?" The little girl looked at him solemnly. "Oh, I know about purgatory. It's the place where Roman Catholics go before they go to hell." Her view seemed to be that it was a fore-ordained, irrevocable arrangement without possible alternative. This ended the reading and led to half an hour of difficult explaining.

A young Irishwoman, a recent arrival in Toronto, entered a butcher shop in College street on Tuesday afternoon and after looking in vain at the various kinds of fresh meat on display, astonished the butcher by saying: "Could you show me a nice knee, please?" "Could I—what is it, please?" asked the startled butcher. "Could you show me a nice knee? I want a nice knee?" The butcher felt that he could but he hated to do it, so he made further enquiries and learned that what the young lady wanted, although called a "knee" in the old land, was here called a hock, a foot or a shank, so he turned to his hocks and his shelves and sold his customer exactly what she wanted.

A fond parent from Parkdale was telling a few victims the other evening about the latest bright sayings of his small Dorothy. "You know that child is wonderfully precocious. I had promised her brother Ned a knife with four blades if he would do certain work while I was away. Well, when I got home last night Ned greeted me with a demand for the knife since the work was done three days before I thought it could be. I was praising him for being so up-to-date, when Dorothy, who has been going to these Massey Hall meetings, chipped in with: 'Of course I'm glad that Ned's going to get the knife, but you ought to remember, Daddie, that none of us will be saved by works.'"

English Election Stories.

Relics.

Visitor—Hallo, Mike! What's that you have in the glass case?

Mike—That's the brick I got up agin my head at th' last election.

Visitor—Oh! And what's that little flower on the top of it for?

Mike—That's a flower from the grave of th' man that threw it!

Divided Summit.

A farm laborer in one of the western counties was asked to vote for a Conservative candidate at the last election, but he refused. Being asked for his reason, he made answer:

"Why, because they chaps be well enough paid."

They then tried to explain to Hodge that members of Parliament in this country were not paid for their services. But he was not to be convinced.

"Doan't 'ee tell me!" he replied, somewhat angrily. "I believe my eyes, and when I zees in the paper as they divides a'most ev'ry night, I knows they be dividin' summat!"

Lady's Retort.

At a contest a ready answer secured one lady canvasser a Conservative vote. She had fluently advanced several reasons in favor of her candidate to a grumpy elector, who told her that she could talk the hind leg off a donkey.

"Well," she replied, "it would give me much more pleasure to drive you to the polling-station than to the hospital!"

The retort so tickled the voter that he promised to support her side.

Paid Attempt.

At one of his gatherings during an electoral campaign, the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was frequently interrupted by a man in the body of the hall, who resented his uncompromising remarks upon political opponents.

The knight bore his trial with admirable good humor, till, seeing an opening for scoring a point, he said:

"Now I am going to tell you something about the late Liberal Government that will make my friend's hair stand on end," indicating, with a smiling nod, the vigorous critic in the body of the hall.

"Wrong again!" shouted the irrepressible one, removing his cap and displaying a head smooth as a billiard ball. "It can't be done, boss!"

Out Of Joint.

Mrs. Gregson has not been able to patronise the poultryer's this year, but she did not on that account mean to leave herself entirely at the tender mercies of the local butcher. Hence the visit of her youngest son.

"Mother's compliments," said the latter, "and she's sent me to show you the big bone you sent with the meat this morning."

"Tell your mother," said the man of meat sarcastically, "that next time I kill a bullock without bones in it I'll make her a present of a joint."

The boy trotted off with the message, and presently returned.

"Mother's compliments," he said breathlessly, "and she says that next time you find a bit of sirloin of beef with a shoulder of mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcass as a curiosity!"

Catalogued.

They were in the garden, and they took their similes from Nature.

"You are my dear, little, clinging vine," he murmured. "Yes, and you're my darling, big tree," she gurgled.

"And what in thunder am I?" cried the Rejected One, parting the bushes angrily.

"You?" they answered. "Oh, you are just a rubber plant."

Then there was silence in the garden.

A Story of Three Chums

A SCORE or so of years ago three boys who may be called Jack, Charlie and Bob, "chummed it together" in an Ontario village. Every waking hour in which they were free from the authority of teacher or parent they spent, or strove mightily to spend, together. They not only played and fought together but together they dreamed dreams, and confided to one another the great ambitions that stirred them.

One night when the three chums were just about through with their course at the public school they attended a lecture delivered in the town hall on "How to Succeed in Business." The lecturer made a number of strong points, but one in particular greatly impressed the boys. He said that any healthy young man who was any good should by the time he was twenty-five years of age have earned and saved a thousand dollars. At the close of the lecture the inseparables discussed this point. Jack, who was a poor man's son, thought that by very hard work the thing might be done, and he said he intended to do it. Charlie, who was a rich man's son, was of the opinion that if a fellow couldn't make a good deal more than a miserable thousand before he was twenty-five he ought to quit right then. Bob thought that getting along in the world was all a matter of luck and that a man's success depended on how big a "pull" he had or on the boosts people gave him. He had heard his father say so many a time, and he gave several cases in point. However, before they parted for the night they agreed among themselves that, come what might, all of them, being possessed of brains superior to those of the average inhabitant of the village, must rise to eminence.

Not long after this discussion, held on the town hall wood-pile, Jack, Charlie and Bob were dropped from the world of fancy to the world of fact. At least Jack was so dropped, for after some deliberation, he went into the



—to "learn the printing."

office of the local newspaper to "learn the printing." He had read of Benjamin Franklin and Horace Greeley and from the first he liked the work and put his heart into it. The true newspaperman's instinct was in him, for he saw romance in the smoke that curled from the editor's corn-cob pipe, in the rows of dusty type-filled cases, in everything about the place; and the stench of printer's ink and benzine that permeated the printery was to him a mystic, ambrosial odor. But Jack had a hard row to hoe just the same. The Ontario country newspaper office was not in those days the clean, smart, well-equipped, businesslike place it is as a rule to-day. The editor, too, habitually sought inspiration from other and more demoralizing sources than his corn-cob pipe. The foreman was lazy and illiterate. There was plenty of work and mighty little cash coming to him, but Jack stuck to his post through all discouragements. As time passed, Charlie attended the Collegiate Institute in the county town for a while and then entered on an Arts course at Toronto University, while Bob started to study law. It used to make Jack feel envious of his old chums to have them come home at holiday time smartly dressed and tell him, a little patronizingly now, of their plans for the future. Sometimes he felt disposed to think that Luck was everything after all, but he always fought hard against any tendency in this direction, and he clung tenaciously to the thought that some day he would arrive. He frequented the public library, read the best books he could lay his

hands on, studied the style and make-up of better papers than the one he worked on, and began to discover essentials of success in printing, and in newspaper work that the foreman and the editor had not thought of.

Finally a day came when the silent reaper unexpectedly laid low the village editor. A man who held a comprehensive mortgage on the newspaper plant took possession of the office. The man had observed that Jack was intelligent and honest and, as he expressed it, that he "liked work like eating." In consequence he gave him a chance to take over the business. Many of Jack's acquaintances urged upon him the folly of such an undertaking, but he steered his own course, put down his small savings and took up the business and the mortgage. Charlie and Bob, on their next visit home, told him he was crazy to shoulder such a hard proposition instead of "trying something else." Jack had not forgotten the old discussion on the woodpile and he had an idea that he saw his chance of making a thousand dollars before he was twenty-five, but he kept his thoughts to himself now.

The story of the next few years of Jack's life would sound like a chapter from the history of many a one of the prosperous Ontario publishers who have been attending the annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association in Toronto on the last three days of this week. He didn't accomplish at the start all he planned to do. He even fell short of making himself worth \$1,000 on his twenty-fifth birthday, but success when it came was sure, and greater than he had hoped. He published successfully the village paper, paid for it, sold it, published a larger one in a larger town, and then was called to fill an important position in Toronto. He is now a prominent Canadian.

For years Jack heard nothing of his old chums, but the other day this letter reached him from the far ranging country of the West:

Dear Jack—Hallo, O son of Fortune! What two men do you think last night drank your health in this dreary, wind-swept corner of what they call God's country? Of course you will guess and rightly when you see my old fist, which you surely cannot have forgotten, that the two men were your good old chums, Charlie and Bob. Charlie and I met here by accident yesterday, and we fell to talking of you, old man. We had both seen your name in the papers and knew that you were climbing away up, so our talk was largely about you and the old town and the old days. And I promised Charlie I would write to you to-day and tell you of our meeting. We are both of us wanderers, you see—not much like you, you lucky old dog! He is off again to-day, but if you send me a line here within ten days I'll probably be here to get it, and I would like to hear from you. About myself, you know that as soon as I finished my college course I was seized with a cramp in my ideas. I've been everywhere and done everything and been done by everybody. Charlie's experience seems to have been much the same. In short we are both in the devil's own luck, but glad of the success of the "fortunate friend of our youth." Didn't I tell you on the historic day when we sat on the town hall wood-pile that Luck was everything? Well, you have it, and I'm glad and Charlie's glad that one of us has hit it right. If you send me a line do it quick or the Red Gods will have called me. Here's the toast we drank to you last night: May Allah give you continued good fortune.

Bob.

"You're good boys," mused Jack, as he read this epistle for the third time and reached for another cigar. "good boys, but you've not the wrong idea. Why could you never remember Josh Billings' advice: 'Consider the postage-stamp, my son. Its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.'"

HALL.

The One Redeeming Feature.

They were men of exactly opposite types, and it would have been a hard matter, indeed, to find a subject upon which they could agree. Briggs is a hard-natured, square-jawed individual, who looks what he is—a retired police inspector. Wemys, on the other hand, is all softness and sympathy, and the sort of man who believes in his fellows to the end.

"But surely even the most hardened criminals have some trace of a better nature!" he urged.

Briggs coughed shortly, and said if they had he had not noticed it.

"Do you mean to say," said Wemys, "that you have never discovered a redeeming feature in an habitual criminal?"

"Yes, I did once," admitted Briggs.

"Ah, I knew it!" cried Wemys triumphantly. "No one is all bad. What was it? Love of home? Kindness to animals? Love of children?"

"No," came the uncompromising reply; "it was a pawn-ticket!"

Limited Service.

Bishop Brewster of Connecticut while visiting some friends not long ago, tucked his napkin in his collar to avoid the juice of the grape-fruit at breakfast. He laughed as he did it, and said it reminded him of a man he once knew who rushed into a restaurant and, seating himself at a table, proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin. He then called a waiter and said, "Can I get lunch here?" "Yes," responded the waiter in a dignified manner, "but not a shampoo."



DUTY FIRST.

Her Ladyship (who is giving a Servants' Ball—to Butler)—We shall begin with a square dance, and I shall want you, Wilkins, to be my partner.

Wilkins—Certainly, m'lady; and afterwards I pre soom we may dance with 'oom we like. —Punch.

THE DRAMA.

THE heiress from Chicago, Pittsburg and other commercial centres of the United States has been holding her own, and being held by her own, at the Princess Theater during the last few weeks. She was a rare and radiant creature as Maxine Elliott made *Her Great Match* with a German prince. Last week Maude Fealey played the part of an ingenuous maiden of eighteen, with more millions than the bright summers she had known, and this week, Lulu Glaser, as *Miss Dolly Dollars*, has been smashing our hearts all over again, just as we have got them neatly repaired after her last visit. But the riveting was all in vain, for Miss Glaser is even more distracting than in her *Dolly Varden* days, and reminds one of La France roses, mornings in May, pink confectionery, and anything else that is sweet and coquettish. But really it is time to talk about the play which is our dear old friend, a musical comedy in two acts. Now that the worst has been gently broken, it may be stated that the comedy is by a gentleman named Smith, who introduces many smiles, and the music is by that genial and artistic Irishman, Mr. Victor Herbert, who won his way into the hearts of a Toronto audience some years ago, and whose winky, tinkly melodies in *Miss Dolly Dollars* are just what might be expected from a man with that jovial countenance which the erstwhile conductor of the Pittsburg Orchestra used to wear. Of course, the whole story is entirely improbable, but none the less diverting. Mr. Samuel Gay and Mrs. Gay, chiefly Mrs. Gay, have taken a house at Henley for the race, and their daughter Dorothy, nicknamed as aforesaid, is beautiful, witty, and an automaniac. Lord Burlingham has written her parents an insulting letter referring lightly to the objectionable features of "Americans." *Dolly* undertakes to crush the noble lord, but a complication has arisen, and the lord's secretary acts the part of his employer. Everything is untangled and smoothed out straight and nice in the last five minutes of the comedy, and the real, live lord clasps his "American Beauty" in a fond and impecunious embrace just a little while before *God Save the King*. The part of the pretty, disdainful coquette suits Miss Glaser in every tone and gesture, and one can well believe that such a maiden, when in Germany, turned everything down but the Kaiser's moustache. The word "charming" is a sadly overworked adjective, but it will have to go on duty once again to describe the effect of this delightful *Dolly*, although from lips less like puckered rose-buds her slang would be "a bit of a bore." Miss Carrie Perkins wins a few green laurels of her own as Mrs. Samuel Gay, a portly matron whose avoirdupois does not render her ingracious, and whose rapture over a lord is what one expects from a native of the land which scorns a title. Miss Nella Webb, as the sweet little ingenue, *Celeste*, is the wisest innocent maiden to perfection, while Miss Ethel De Silva, as Dorothy's sentimental maid, *Bertha Billings*, succeeds in being fond and foolish. The most remarkable character in the play is *Finney Doolittle*, an "educated fool," secretary to Lord Burlingham. In manner and make-up, Mr. R. C. Herz carries out the description marvellously well, and will be remembered when his Lordship is forgotten. To play the fool is hard enough; but to play an educated fool, who is more of the noun than the adjective, whose knowledge of the classics is as profound as his ignorance of everything else, can be done successfully only by an exceedingly clever man, whose surpassing ability is heartily recognized. Mr. Charles Bradshaw, as Samuel Gay, is the conventional self-manufactured man, and Mr. Melville Stewart, as Lord Burlingham, is as handsome a young aristocrat as ever gladdened the eyes of a democratic mother-in-law. He has an unusually fine voice, which is heard to advantage in that wicked Kipling sentiment:—"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke," and, by the way, the men in the audience seem to approve vigorously of the lines, which goes to confirm that man is not a domestic animal. Mr. Thomas Whiffen as Guy Gay, is a jolly irresponsible young fellow, and Mr. Henry Vogel, as Lieutenant Von Richter, is the Heavy Teuton of a doubtful blondness. There are eight good men and true who are members of a club having for its object the hand of *Miss Dolly Dollars*, there are Eton boys, summer girls, costers and bailiffs, who add to the gaiety of the wooing. The banks of the Thames and the garden of a Paris hotel form a picturesque background for the adventures and escapades of as winsome a heroine as ever owned a "devil-wagon." There are two negative attractions which this musical comedy possesses in addition to its positive merits: the gowns of the leading lady are characterized by no excessive adornment, and the love-making is not of the emotional order. In other words it is not an exhibition of millinery and osculation. Miss Glaser's present visit will doubtless prove as popular as her former appearances in Toronto.

The performance at Shea's this week is rather above the average. A couple of lively chaps, Mullin and Correlli, give an acrobatic turn interspersed with vaudeville wit which is warmly received. The Basque quartette, composed of three men and a young lady, sing well, several of their selections, particularly the *Torcedor Song*, being given in a very pleasing manner. The only suggestion that I have to offer is a slight reduction of the tremulo stop at times. Josephine Cohan and company present a farce entitled *Friday, the 13th*, in which several smart specialties in the way of singing and dancing are introduced. Fred Niblo, the monologist, who gets off an everlasting string of jokes and puns, and all sorts of pertinent sallies, without stopping for breath, delights everybody as usual. Dettorelli and Glissardo, eccentric musical comedians, add their share to an enjoyable programme. Murphy and Francis, colored dancers, are received with enthusiasm. The Keeler's Imperial Japanese Troupe of jugglers, do a very clever turn, and the Kinetograph is as attractive as ever.

The *Duke of Duluth*, the attraction at the Grand this week, is one of the most bizarre spectacles we have ever beheld. It is styled a "musical farce," and many a true word is spoken in jest. It is a farce. Different shades of green were lavishly used in the costumes and stage settings, possibly, one cannot help suggesting, to harmonize with the general artistic and dramatic crudeness of the production. The scene of the play is laid in the "Land of Wot." This is said to be somewhere in the East, but the inhabitants, strange to relate, speak the purest American slang. There are greater wonders than this. The captain of the Oriental troops is an Irishman, while the chief of police looks like a Western desperado. The *Duke of Duluth* is *Darling Doolittle*, a hobo from Duluth, who has come to the country, and has been ennobled by the Lord Mayor. Nat M. Wills, who plays the character, is the chief fun-maker in the play, but his humor savors of second-rate vaudeville or the cheapest of the yellow journals. Some of his jokes were of questionable taste. The dialogue was insufferably loaded with slang, that cheap sort of slang, which is nothing but a verbal nightmare. Many of the lyrics were dull parodies on well-known songs or insipid attempts at sentimentalism. The best thing on the musical programme was a duet by Miss Tyler and Mr. Knights. Miss Pearce as *Jhansi*, a daughter of the Lord Mayor, showed herself to be very vivacious, and won favor with her songs and dancing, but exhibited very doubtful taste in playing so unmistakably at persons in the front rows and boxes. In

FIRST ACT OF THE COLLEGE WIDOW AT THE PRINCESS NEXT WEEK.



THE ARRIVAL OF BUB HICKS TO MATRICULATE AT ATWATER COLLEGE.

several other places the tone of the play is unbecoming a reputable play-house, although certain portions of the audience applaud vigorously. Nat Wills, however, has undoubted talent as a comedian, and it is a pity he does not go in for pure comedy devoid of hobgoblin effects. *The Duke of Duluth* is well-staged, has some tuneful lyrics and an attractive chorus, but falls flat because of excessive playing to the gallery.

Last week, the Augustus Thomas comedy, *On The Quilt*, proved an attractive three-nights' performance, and could easily have provided a week's entertainment. Mr. William Collier, as Robert Ridgway, the lazy young man who has sown his wild oats and is really in love this time with pretty and millionaire Agnes Colt, gives a tired world reason to be grateful, for there is a laugh in every line and between the lines. Since Mr. Pipp went back to Pittsburg, there has not been so sprightly a gentleman in the season's comedy, and we are pathetically glad to have him come. He refused to make a speech, which was another admirable feature in his appearance. Miss Maude Fealey, as Agnes Colt, is most refreshing in her presentation of the poor, rich little girl who desires nothing but to follow where her heart leads the way. She will have a paltry four millions, unless her brother Horace consents to her marriage, but, in that event, twenty millions fall to her share. So Robert consents to go back to Yale, but there is a wedding on the quiet before he departs. The complications that arise, when his dear, little wife undertakes to visit him at Yale, plunge Robert into such a series of predicaments as mortal man seldom knows, but he emerges from all his woes, triumphant and married. Mr. John Saville, as Judge Ridgway, is the typical indulgent papa of United States origin. Mr. Charles B. Poore, as the easily-scared yet benign clergyman, Dr. Wolcott, is a popular success, while Mr. John W. Dean, as Horace Colt, the stern brother, who is thinking of international alliances, not of love's young dream, is properly impressive. Mr. Percy Ames, as the Duke of Carbondale, is the ever-recurring young Englishman who cannot understand the humor of Chicago. One is rather tired of the type, and would prefer the Earl of Pawtucket. Miss Helen Collier, as the Duchess of Carbondale, is a pleasant, inoffensive person who makes up her mind and heart to the part of Her Grace. Mr. George Nash, as McGeechey, is about as unpleasant a tough as ever lost his way in polite society, and the two chorus ladies of the second act are too broadly farcical. The scene on the yacht *Coryphe*, in the last act, is extremely realistic and picturesque, and altogether, *On the Quilt* ought to make some noise in the comedy world.

The Truculent Rogers.

Henry H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company may be a shrewd man of business, but he is an extremely shortsighted politician. If he were in touch with the American public, if he were observant of the rapidly crystallizing hostility toward the trusts and the high financiers, he would not have done so much to inflame public opinion by his truculent and insulting manner, his obviously evasive replies and his contemptuous defiance of the courts and the law in the *quo warranto* action, now on trial, brought by the State of Missouri against three corporations subsidiary to the Standard Oil.

When the present King of England, then Prince of Wales, was called as a witness at a famous trial he submitted respectfully to the court, answered all questions politely, and was good-naturedly courteous to a radical greengrocer who hectored him mildly from the jury-box. But Henry H. Rogers does not regard himself as a mere Limited Monarch. He feels himself every inch an Autocrat, and his haughty soul rages at the insolent presumption of the upstart State of Missouri in serving a subpoena on him, joint master of Standard Oil with the august Rockefeller, and asking him to give information about the business of the sacrosanct company.

Rogers quibbled and split hairs at every opportunity, and certainly made a very poor showing for himself. The facetious witness is usually a silly witness, and Rogers is no exception. If the dense ignorance of the affairs of Standard Oil and its subsidiary companies which Rogers exhibited be genuine, then he is unfit to occupy his managerial position. If it be not genuine, then Rogers is surely worthy of the epithet "perjurer" applied to him so vigorously by Tom Lawton.

Rogers and the other trust magnates are so accustomed to riding over the laws and having their own way that they have become as intolerant and overbearing as the Russian Grand Dukes, and, like Grand Dukes, they have forgotten that there is a people slow to wrath but terrible in its rage.

Life is not so bad for the man who meanders down the path leading to eternity hand in hand with a sympathetic woman.—Chicago Daily News.

"The tuner who came to fix my piano to-day was the most remarkable man I ever met." "Eccentric?" "Very. He admitted to me that the piano didn't need tuning very badly."

New York Letter

WE have been living more or less in an atmosphere of Vanity Fair during the past week, the occasion being the "trial" of Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's*, on a charge of criminal libel, preferred by Justice Deuel of *Town Topics*. The charge grew out of Mr. Hapgood's statement that Judge Deuel, while still on the bench, had an interest in this paper, whose sole object, he declared, was the publication of scandal against people who were "not cowardly enough to pay for silence." The proceedings were remarkable throughout, but most remarkable of all was the almost comic opera reversion of the "plot," by which the complainants become the real defendants and the accused an avenging instrument of the most evident justice. District Attorney Jerome, who prosecuted in person, was not only the chief witness for the defence (having supplied Mr. Hapgood with the information on which the article was based), but went so far as to characterize *Town Topics* as a vile publication, "the *Police Gazette* of the Four Hundred," with whose exposure he was in entire accord and sympathy. Under such circumstances, Mr. Hapgood's acquittal was a foregone conclusion, and the only regret seemed to be that there was no provision in law for a verdict against the real criminals, Justice Deuel and Colonel Mann. In other parts of this enlightened land, where a more spontaneous expression of justice obtains—or shall we say where justice is still unhampered by law and lawyers—these professional blackmailers would have been given short shrift indeed. The back-door glimpse of Vanity Fair has not been a happy one, and some of its features deserve little sympathy. But it is the fallacious reasoning of a scandal-mongering instinct to urge that as these victims of Colonel Mann and Judge Deuel belong to the rich and socially important, their ambitions, vanities and often ignorances, make them lawful prey. Such pleading would apply with equal force to the ordinary highwayman who lurks in my lady's doorway to snatch the necklace from her bosom. Of the two one infinitely prefers the latter. Had *Town Topics* waged eternal war against the follies and vices of society, it would have been a bore of course, though its honesty at least would be conceded. But when it exposes men only through failure to extort blackmail and exacts toll for its impudent silence, it embarks in the most abominable, pernicious, gutter kind of journalism ever invented.

With that off our chest, we turn from Vanity Fair to the world of theatrical affairs, where some important changes have just transpired, which intimately concern the fortunes of the "independents" on one hand and the "Syndicate host" on the other. With three such accessions to their growing ranks in one week as Mr. Sothern, Miss Marlowe and Mr. Arnold Daly, the Belasco-Fiske-Slubert combination begins to look formidable enough for a general engagement all along the line, and with the odds of real acting material in their favor. The conflict from this point promises to be far-reaching and important, and Toronto so notoriously side-tracked under the syndicate arrangement, will no doubt watch future developments with interest. In addition to those already mentioned, the independent list now includes Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Henry Miller, Miss Anglin, Mr. David Warfield, Miss Bertha Galland, Madame Kalich, and, for her American season, Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

In theatrical entertainment, too, several changes have occurred in the interval since our last letter. Miss Anglin's very successful Broadway season in *Zira* has been brought to a close, and in its place Mr. Henry Miller has put on *Grierson's Way*, a new play by Henry V. Esmond, in which Mr. Miller himself enacts the leading role. This venture, however, seems foredoomed in spite of a clever cast and Mr. Miller's own artistic performance. For *Grierson's Way* is a tedious, tedious way, often lost in a fog of utter obscurity, wherein grotesque, uncanny things take shape, and only emerging once or twice into the open with anything like convincing action. Mr. Esmond, whose *Love and the Man* proved such a commonplace affair a year ago, has evidently attempted in this something big and out of the ordinary, invoking the mysticism of Maeterlinck here, the tragic note of Ibsen there, and even a Bernard Shaw quip on occasion. But he has fallen too easy a prey to Norwegian influences, and without any marked capacity for assimilation—which at its best often passes for originality—the result is hopelessly ridiculous and superficial.

The story is that of a girl deserted by her lover under circumstances that make his presence most necessary. *Grierson*, a benevolent, noble-minded old bachelor of fifty, also in love with the girl, learns of her distressing condition, and at once offers her the protection of his name. The offer involves no other relation than that of paternal care, and, lest we should miss the benevolence of these terms, we are reminded of them in season and out for the

rest of the play. Does the author really doubt the comprehensibility of this platonic denouement? And at this late day? But to return to the story. *Grierson's* offer is accepted readily, and bride and groom, to outward seeming, leave for a two-year honeymoon, returning in time for the second act, with an India-rubber baby and an unsolved problem. Coincident with their return is the reappearance of the lover, Captain Murray, on the scene. *Parmela* has never ceased to love her betrayer for a moment, and the honeymoon has been a long bemoan over their separation. But when they meet again, she cleverly thwarts his every effort to establish the old footing and treats him as a chance visitor dropped in for tea. This scene of forced coquetry and gaiety toward the man whose very presence is tragic with meaning to her, provides the only real moments of the play and, as enacted by Miss Rebecca Warren and Mr. Guy Standing, was an entirely convincing bit of drama. Letters he has sent have not been opened, and she is still ignorant of the death of his wife, and his offer to repair the injury at the first instant of his freedom. He has suffered too, and so expiated his wrong, the extent of which he only now learns, however. For *Parmela's* secret had been kept too, and the unsuspecting lover learns that the child is his for the first time.

So far we have the most transparent devices of a half century of melodrama, and if allowed to go at that, we might have had at least an interesting play. But all this the author has woven into the dusky chambers of his thought. In the first scene, for instance, without any warning whatever, *Grierson* picks up his violin and begins to play. Conversation is stopped and all sit with a weird expression—all except *Parmela*, that is, who has been handed a letter, and, of course, faints. It is the news of her lover's flight. There is also introduced a sardonic diabolical sort of character—a doubt symbolic of something—who wears long hair and a brown velvet coat (suspiciously like *Marchbanks*' make-up), and speaks of himself as "dead," because a railway accident has deprived him of his right hand and the world of a musician. A character wholly unnecessary to the play and the poorest kind of theatrical subterfuge at best.

Nor is the obvious way out of the triangular situation that has finally developed itself, *Grierson's* way. A man of such benevolent instincts, with an unhappy wife on his hands, would have bade her go the way of her heart's desire without such a theatrical device as suicide, not to speak of his painful shadow on her going. But *Grierson*, benevolent as he is, is so hopelessly conventional that he prefers suicide to divorce.

Mr. Miller's characterization of the lovable old *Grierson* was an excellent piece of work, but so unconvincing is the character, in fact all the characters are that, that the work seems lost. Rebecca Warren as *Parmela* distinguished herself in the only opportunity she had, while Guy Standing, as Captain Aynesley Murray had a part which he has always filled admirably.

Turning to pleasanter and more successful things, we have had that excellent comedy actress, Henrietta Crossman, in *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*; Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, in the latter's delightful comedy, *Julie Bon Bon*; Leo Dietrichstein's most clever farce comedy, *Before and After*; Henry di Vries in *A Case of Arson*, and the reappearance on this side the Atlantic of that charming English actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, in *The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt*. A musical comedy, *The Vanderbilt Cup*, wherein Elsie Janis is starring, and the still unclassified *Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway*, by George M. Cohan, complete the list of recent innovations.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary is a revised version of Sardou's *A Scrap of Paper*, with the locality switched to more familiar scenes, and the period changed to embrace items of more or less contemporary interest. Mrs. Kendall's *Suzanne* of the older and better version will be at once recalled, but there is enough difference in the roles themselves to make comparison unnecessary. The present version does not make a very convincing comedy, but the central character, now under the name of Mary, affords Miss Crossman an excellent vehicle for the display of those rollicking, devil-may-care charms of acting that distinguish her.

A serious one-act drama, *Madeline*, written by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, a well-known English writer, preceded the comedy, and revealed Miss Crossman also as a successful interpreter of a tragic role. A versatility of acting talent, I think that has not been sufficiently praised.

Madeline, a celebrated French actress, has been for eight years the devoted mistress of Norman Luard, an English diplomat. But the end has come, and the drama is concentrated on the final intense scenes of the parting. It is the old strife between love and ambition, wherein the woman is sacrificed. Luard has received a promotion and is leaving for St. Petersburg. Also he is going to marry. He stands there calm, selfish, cold, waiting to say farewell. *Madeline*, the fires in her heart still burning with an all-consuming passion, entreats and supplicates for a restoration of the old love. Once in a while the flame does leap up again for a moment, but the Englishman has mastered himself and fights free. He will return that night, however, to dine, for the last time. A concealed weapon shows the drift of *Madeline's* mind. Luard returns, the supplications are renewed, the answer is the same. He turns to go, but the door is locked. *Madeline*, drawing her pistol, reveals the rest of her plot. The lover—and here the English writer pays tribute to English courage—does not flinch, but with quiet, cynical indifference, merely requests the favor of being allowed to write a note or two, so that his sudden change of plans may cause no unnecessary embarrassment to others. His courage saves him, and as soon as he has gone *Madeline* turns the weapon on herself.

The play proved an intense piece of drama, cleverly written and constructed, and in its presentation, with Miss Crossman and Guy Standing in its principal roles, was quite a faultless piece of acting. In fact we have scarcely seen a more convincing example of dramatic expression this season. As *You Like It* was revived for a short season, Miss Crossman presenting her well-known *Rosalind* with undiminished charm. These three exceedingly artistic productions were under the management of Mr. Maurice Campbell, whose production last year of *When We Dead Awake* constitutes one of the three episodes of the season. J. E. W.

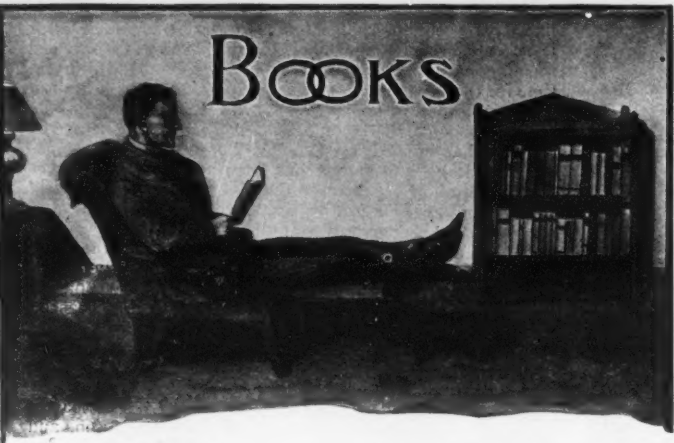
A Peer's Privilege.

A Duke, Marquis, or Earl is, of course, at liberty to give his eldest son, as a courtesy designation, any one of his inferior titles, and (as in Lord De la Warr's case) he does not necessarily choose the highest in rank. The present Earl of Mansfield was known during his grandfather's lifetime not as Viscount Stormont (as his father had been), but as Lord Balvaird; and another instance of a change of courtesy title is that used by the Earl of Kintore's heir, who is styled Lord Falconer, whereas his elder brother, who died in 1897, was called Lord Inverurie. The most curious circumstance in this connection is the privilege which Earls who have no inferior titles assume of inventing designations for their heirs. Thus the Earl of Guilford styles his son "Lord North," and the Earl of Huntingdon calls his "Viscount Hastings," although no such titles are enjoyed by their respective families.

"I never thought," said the conceited lecturer, "that my voice would fill that hall." "No," replied the candid man; "I thought at one time it would empty it."

"I knew Emily had been to that beauty doctor." "How could you tell?" "Because when I taxed her with it she changed countenance at once."—Baltimore American.

BOOKS



The Traveler.

Into the dusk and snow
One fared on yesterday;
No man of us may know
By what mysterious way.
He had been comrade long;
We fain would hold him still;
But, though our will be strong,
There is a stronger Will.
Beyond the solemn night
He will find morning-dream—
The summer's kindling light
Beyond the snow's chill gleam.
The clear, unflattering eye,
The inalienable soul,
The calm, high energy—
They will not fail the goal!
Large will be our content
If it be ours to go
One day the path he went
Into the dusk and snow!
—Clinton Scollard.

A Novelist's Appeal.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts in a recent essay, "To The Lamp-Bearers," which appeared in the "Monthly Review" addresses himself vigorously to the average reader in a fashion reminiscent of Matthew Arnold: "Oh, 'average reader' would that I could wave you into a higher ambition and truer perception touching the business of art. . . . You probably dislike tragedy. You choose rather that everything shall end happily in your story-books, because in real life everything does not do so." Too well I know your dreadful arguments! But why do you, who are a truthful soul in your life, in your relations with your kind, tell me to lie to you and weave the thing that is not, because in your hour of leisure you refuse to look upon the thing that is? Do you, readers of the magazines, perceive the insult you put on those who write them? No, no, you neither perceive nor understand. . . . Real story-telling is toil for strong men and women, not a tawdry burlesque of life spun by mental weaklings to help the reader through a leisure hour, to assist his digestion after dinner, or kill his time in the train. . . . We writers of fiction stand at a significant point in time. The dawn of a new age of thought is flushing the sky; the old order fades; the old faith, creature of much glorious work, now lies the natural death of all faiths that have strengthened the feet and lifted the hearts of men through their appointed centuries. Reason is crowned, and the trumpets of her ministers, Science and Justice, proclaim her.

The average reader is not well acquainted with the work of Mr. Phillpotts since he is one of those "who pursue art singly for her own immortal sake" and the former will therefore not be like to follow the excellent advice so tersely offered, but the writers of fiction may give heed to the warning: "Divide your self-esteem and your perspective by study of the great yesterday, not comparison with the small of to-day." In Mr. Phillpotts' declaration concerning the death of the old faith and the triumph of reason may be found the explanation of certain defects in his own work, especially such books as "Living Prophets" and "The Secret Woman" which are unnecessarily sad and sordid. Faith of some sort, as Burke has said of power, will "survive the shock in which manners and opinions perish," and there is a monism about a certain hopelessness inherent in modern realism that is far removed from the noble tragedy of which Aristotle speaks. Tennyson's later "Locksley Hall" has a good deal of truth in its "science grows but beauty dwindles."

Mr. Phillpotts frankly admits the abject taste in modern fiction and drama, while he rather inconsistently lauds the glories of the new age of thought which is reddening in the east. If reason by means of her scientific trumpet is doing so much for us to-day, how is it that we admit such contemptible productions in the form of musical comedy and historical novels? The old ages of faith did not do so poorly, after all, if they gave us "Paradise Lost" and the "Inferno." If no miracles are being wrought by our literary men to-day it may be because of their unbelief. It would be interesting to have an address to the average writer from a reader who prefers Mr. Phillpotts' own powerful Devon romances to the ordinary thriller from the popular publisher.

A Singular Premonition.

The interest created by the announcement that the late William Sharp was Miss Fiona Macleod has by no means evaporated, and anecdotes associated with Mr. Sharp are appearing daily in the columns of literary journals. As the compiler, the annotator, the lover of anthologies he would have been the subject of respectful and colorless obituary, but as the writer of those weird and mystic Fiona fancies he is the object of curiosity and a speculation that is more personal than literary. In those old-fashioned and dreary publications known as "mental autograph albums" there was a singular question: "If not yourself, who would you wish to be?" The clinging to one's individuality is strong but nearly everyone has his times of wishing to be somebody else. Hence the popularity of the fancy ball. Mr. Sharp was successful in be-

ing himself and another very interesting personality, and must have known many moments of private joy over the clumsy guesses of the critics.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton in a Californian weekly speaks of her own acquaintanceship with the late author, and relates the following: "A most interesting fact in connection with him was that he possessed the knowledge of his exact term of life. When I first knew him—in 1890, I think it was—he told me that his father and all his paternal grandfathers had died suddenly of heart disease on or about their forty-ninth birthday, and that he expected the same meagre shrift and no more. During my last visit to London, in the winter and spring of 1904, I asked him, jestingly, being under the impression that thirty-nine was the fatal birthday, how it was that he was still alive. 'Oh, it is forty-nine,' he said laughing, and he was in the best of health and spirits, 'I still have nearly two years,' and so he had; he died almost upon entering his fiftieth year."

Brothers.

An English novelist whose work is becoming popular on this side of the Atlantic, is Mr. Horace A. Vachell, who, it is said, will publish a Harrow story this spring. His romance of last year, "Brothers," introduced the historic old English school in the early chapters in delightful fashion, the story of the football match of "Billy's v. Basnans" being one of the best of the class. It is enthusiastic with a genuine thrill and when poor little disabled Mark Samphire is carried on a hurdle back to "Billy's," the cheer that goes up warms the reader.

"The brave shout rolled over the playing-fields and up Harrow Hill, past the Music Schools which recorded it; past the Chapel, where its subtle vibrations were enshrined; past the Yard, which gave back the glad acclaim of valour; past the Vaughan Library, startling, perhaps, some bookworm too intent upon what has been to care greatly for what is and may be; down the familiar street, where countless generations of ardent boys had hastened to work or play; on and on till it reached Billy's—Billy's with its hoary traditions of immortal battles fought and won, Billy's shabby and battered, scarred within and without, Billy's—dear old Billy's—where it became merged, but not lost, in the whole of which every valiant word or deed or thought is an imperishable part."

The story of Mark Samphire is a record of failure and of dogged endeavor, of forlorn hope and more forlorn courage. There is a certain Henley quality in the man, for Mark neither winces nor cries aloud beneath the "bludgeoning" of fate. Betty Kirtling, who "likes girls but loves boys," is a heroine whose gaiety seems born for better things than befall the winsome little lady. The writer succeeds in arousing strong personal feeling for his characters; one would like to see Archibald Samphire thoroughly and soundly kicked, and yet he has many redeeming features, such as a tenor voice and a certain florid dignity. But he is a vampire for all that—one that destroys the best of his idolizing friend and brother. It would be delightful if a man like Archibald would only marry a woman like Rosamond Viney and allow the unenviable reader to enjoy the domestic turmoil that would ensue.

Both in plot and characterization the novel is superior to those which meet with Mr. Phillpotts' scorn. The charm of tradition is over it all, from the old school of Harrow to the gray walls of Westchester cathedral, and yet in Mark's slim life we are brought relentlessly face to face with the squalor of a great city's poverty. Mark has almost too horrible a succession of calamities for any one man to bear and the author might have afforded him one triumph in all his misery. His woes form a veritable "To victis."

As a narrative, the book is intensely interesting, which is a most unusual circumstance in these days when much fiction is a weariness of the flesh and a stupefaction of the spirit. Its freshness and strength of feeling and its careful avoidance of over-emphasis are welcome qualities to those who do not demand a hero whose profile suggests a Greek god and a heroine who is a Chicago heiress. (Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.)

Child Poems.

Among the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, the collection, "A Child's Garden of Verse," seems to hold a secure place. The author who died a boy with all a young adventurer's love for roaming and exploring in his feeble breast would probably be pleased to know that his memory is to be kept green by small readers as well as by those who have lost track of the way to "The Land of Counterpane." Stevenson always plays, even at advice, and he never, never condescends. In "St Ives" the hero is voicing the author's feeling when he says: "A boy's hero-worship is the last thing I should wish to throw away."

In so much of the stuff written professedly for children there is an obvious effort to "write down" to the juvenile understanding and the small person is immediately suspicious of this forced and facetious simplicity which is as different from the eternal boyhood of

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Robert Louis as velvet violets are from the fresh flowers. Even Tennyson's rhyme about "Minnie and Winnie" has this unforgivable tinge of patronage. Children often form strong fancies for books that, in the judgment of the hasty are "too old for them." I know a certain small girl who revels in Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," especially that poem telling of Queen Sigrid the Haughty, and who finds "The Golden Legend" a mysterious and fascinating story.

Of recent years too much of the maudlin and pernicious stuff, known as the "Elsie" books, has been coming into Canada and has been exploited by the Sunday School libraries, but it is cheering to notice that a reaction is setting in which favors purer reading matter for those whom the fond teacher calls the "little ones."

To the imaginative child, the melody of verse is exceedingly attractive and he is an unhappy man who fails to recall the rhymes of boyhood. Sir Walter Scott tells in the preface to "Kenilworth" of the magic exerted over his youthful days by these four lines:

"The dew of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

In an article on books for children in a recent number of the "Academy" Miss Pamela Tennant concludes: "May those who write for children keep this before them: Pictures should be lovely and words true. For a child's mind, as wax to an impression, may yet be indelibly engraved. And it is a good possession, when we set out on life's journey, if we have a knowledge of the Beautiful in our pack."

The Son of Dickens.

Perhaps it is the Christmas season which has brought such a cheering flood of Dickens talk into the papers and magazines during the last month. One of the latest English publications has some remarks to make concerning the lawyer son of the famous novelist which are of more than ordinary interest.

"In the room in Paper-buildings occupied by Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., there is what is, perhaps, the most interesting piece of furniture in the whole Temple, in the shape of the desk on which his father wrote nearly all his novels. Where the novelist penned 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' with its delightful description of the Temple fountain, his son, the distinguished K. C., has prepared many a statement of claim and defence.

"Mr. Dickens was once briefed because he was his father's son. A witness in the case bore the name of Pickwick, and Mr. Dickens was chosen to examine him. He happened to be engaged in another court when the case was reached, but Sir Frank Lockwood, who was particularly anxious not to be 'enrived of the pleasure of seeing Mr. Dickens' examine Mr. Pickwick, addressed a note to Mr. Justice Hawkins, asking him to adjourn the case, and the learned judge, entering into the spirit of the request, at once granted it. When Mr. Dickens was able to attend and called Mr. Pickwick to the witness stand, he was delighted with the coincidence. 'I do not know, gentlemen,' observed Mr. Dickens to the jury, 'whether Mr. Pickwick will appear in his gaiters.' The eagerly-looked-for witness proved to be one of the thinnest men that ever stepped into the witness-box.

"Soon after taking his degree in the early seventies, Mr. Dickens met Carlyle, at a dinner-party given by John Forster. 'All that I can wish you,' said Carlyle, giving him a sympathetic pat on the back, 'is that you just do an honest man's work.' . . . Mr. Dickens is still a devotee of the drama, being one of the most enthusiastic first-nighters in London. According to Forster he played childish parts in the private theatricals which Charles Dickens delighted to organize at his residence in Tavistock place."

Notes.

Miss Flora Shaw, now Lady Lugard, held in the London "Times" the best journalistic position ever occupied by a woman. She was once a member of Mr. W. T. Stead's staff on the "Pall Mall Gazette." While on the "Times" she became intimately associated with South African affairs; hence her much-discussed connection with Dr. Jameson's raid, and her subsequent examination before the parliamentary commission formed to inquire into that mysterious matter. Since her marriage to the colonial administrator

Lady Lugard has bent her mind to the problem of Nigeria, and is just publishing a book on the subject.

Lord Lovelace, whose mother was the oldest daughter of the poet Byron, is now publishing privately a book on his famous ancestor. The "Argonaut" says: "Lord Lovelace, who is a scholarly, serious-minded gentleman of sixty-six, has been at great pains to see that the contents of this book do not become public property. Two copies are to be printed in the United States in order that the copyright may be completely protected. Of the English edition, only two hundred copies are being printed and these are to be distributed among such personal friends as are considered by the earl to have a legitimate interest in the Byron family affairs. These volumes will probably cost the author about fifteen dollars each, and will bring a tidy sum immediately if sold."

There is some talk of dramatizing Mrs. Wharton's story, "The House of Mirth," but the result will hardly be popular if the element of cheerfulness is to enter into the play as it will need the most optimistic handling to make "The House of Mirth" anything but gloomy. Concerning the book an "Atlantic Monthly" writer says: "There is but one lack. Read it with approval, with enjoyment. Put it down and go your way refreshed by a novel that held your attention unflinchingly to the end. That is exactly the crux. After finishing 'Diana of the Crossways' did you tranquilly proceed with the business of life? Did you not at least need a dry handkerchief? Diana committed a far baser act than any of poor Lily's, yet we love her! Diana contrived a friend for money, yet we love her! For all its brilliancy, 'The House of Mirth' has a certain shallowness, it is thin."

Another surprising announcement as to a story-writer's sex has created some interest. G. B. Lancaster, the new novelist of New Zealand, is a woman. No one has suspected it, for her gloomy sketches of sheep-herder life are as far removed from the conventional idea of feminine fiction as are Kipling's "Plain Tales." By the way, she is an ardent admirer of that vigorous author, but no one can accuse her of imitation. Her new book, "Sons of Men" is published in New York by Doubleday, Page & Co., and her original method of treating the rough scenes which she describes has already been remarked as the quality of a genuine writer.

Mr. Winston Churchill's biography of his father is the most widely discussed English publication of the month and the critics profess surprise at its extremely fair and candid tone, as the somewhat meteoric career of the young author has not led the public to expect from him such qualities. It is no small task to write the life of such a man as Lord Randolph who "spent his time in kicking over the traces." The "Academy" is the perpetrator of the following qualified commendation: "In a sense, Mr. Winston Churchill may be congratulated on the luck of having had so interesting a father."

The first article in the February number of the "Canadian Magazine" "Wall Paintings in Europe," by Albert R. Carman, is an interesting presentation of a subject concerning which we possess little information, and the illustrations are well chosen. There is a humorous touch in the writer's indictment of Canadian ignorance of matters artistic that is to be appreciated and forgiven in the native who sets off so gayly as this: "We are a great people and we have a great country; and we are not often allowed to forget either fact, except when we are asleep." The articles by Dr. Goldwin Smith and Professor Keys are of the flavor one would expect from "Atlantic Monthly" papers, and two short stories supply the lighter side. "Rocky Mountain Wild Flowers," by Julia W. Henshaw is a delicate and artistic eye, the illustrations being of a finish that we have seen in no other Canadian publication.

J. G.

Folly of Seeking a System.

ONE of the standing butts of American humor is the man that thinks he possesses an infallible system of "beating" the bookmaker at the races.

The particular species of fool to which this self-deceived person belongs is very large, and the type is persistent, although the individual usually outgrows the delusion a year or two after the bookmaker gets his last dollar. Thousands of persons every night sit up until after midnight endeavoring to invent the infallible "system" which is to the gambler what the philosopher's stone was to the alchemist in the middle ages, and what the secret of perpetual motion was to the physicist of a few generations ago. No one has yet invented an infallible "system," and no one ever will but still the fatuous fanatics who worship Luck at Monte Carlo, at the race tracks, or in other gambling places seek the "system" as hopefully as Ponce de Leon sought the fountain of perpetual youth in the everglades of Florida.

Birds of a Brood.

A minister who was waiting for a train at a village station was beguiled the time by talking to a half-witted boy. "I say, Jamie," said the minister, "were you ever at school?"

"Yes sir, sure enough."

"And who had the honor to be your schoolmaster?"

"Maister Black, sir," replied Jamie.

"How strange! Why, Mr. Black was my schoolmaster also."

For a moment Jamie was silent, then said, looking straight at the minister, "Mon, who'd ha thoct old Black could ha turned out two like us?"—Tatler.

To Raise a Baby.

Mrs. Youngmater (sweetly)—It's an odd question, but I lack experience. Could you recommend to me a good baby-powder?

Mr. Bachelor (savagely)—Certainly. Use giant or Shimose!

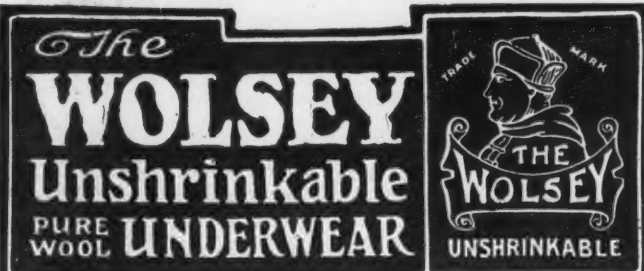
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A young American sailor returning to his home on leave was booming, as Americans will, his profession, his life, and his ship. "I guess," he said, referring to his steamship company, "ours is the longest line in the world, extending as it does from America to China."

A lady in the company who hailed from the land of cakes turned upon him severely and remarked: "Well, I dinna ken if ye've cause tae bounce sae much, for does ma claes line no stretch frae pole tae pole?"

Jack apologised for existing and took a back seat.—Tatler.

The One Thing Needful.

Little Tommy had evinced a distinct liking for the birthday cake, and there were unmistakable signs of his wishing for more, as he viewed the empty plate.

"What more cake?" asked his mother, who added an awful description of the end of all gluttons to her question.

The third serving, however, was passed up to Tommy with the distinct understanding that it was the last, whereat Thomas burst into tears.

"What ever is the matter with the lad?" ejaculated his father. "You've got your cake, what more do you want?"

"I want some more—more room," sobbed Tommy, "and I haven't haven't got it!"

Story of a Great Picture.

Of the sale of the well-known picture by Millais, "The Knight at the Ford," Lady Millais told a curious story. When the picture that is now famous was exhibited in the Academy of 1857 it failed to find a purchaser, and was returned upon the artist's hands, to his great disappointment. One evening, some months after the close of the exhibition, when Lady Millais was standing on the doorstep of her house in London waiting to be let in, a strange man came up and spoke to her, saying that he, too, wished to enter the house. The man, elderly and shabbily dressed, was a stranger to Lady Millais. It was dark, and she, taking him for a beggar, told him to go about his business; but, to her surprise, he said, "I want 'The Knight crossing the Ford,' and I must have it!"

Then it struck Lady Millais that the man was probably a lunatic, and she tried to persuade him to go away quietly. But he replied, "I am Charles Reade, who wrote 'Never Too Late to Mend,' and I simply must have the picture, though I am but a poor man. I could write a whole three-volume novel on it, and then have sentiment to spare!" When Millais came home later in the evening he explained to his wife that Charles Reade was a great friend of his, and "The Knight at the Ford" soon passed into the possession of the famous novelist. Charles Reade, who was a keen admirer of the work of Millais, was intensely proud of the picture. "Either I am an idiot," he wrote, "or it is an immortal work." Reade's drawing-room was sacred to "The Knight at the Ford," for he would allow no other picture to be admitted into it. The picture remained in the novelist's possession until his death in 1884.

To Raise a Baby.

Mrs. Youngmater (sweetly)—It's an odd question, but I lack experience. Could you recommend to me a good baby-powder?

Mr. Bachelor (savagely)—Certainly. Use giant or Shimose!

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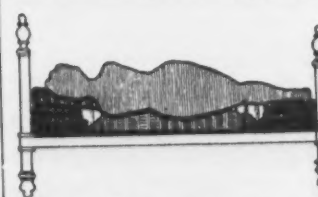
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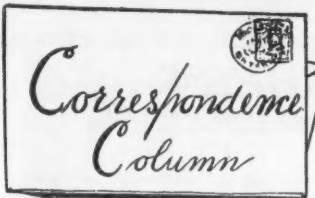
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A Stand Patter—I think you are probably more concerned about getting a thing done than about the manner of its doing, and sometimes overlook what you consider trifles, but what are really of importance. You have the dominant touch, tenacious and quick-witted. At times you are a bit pessimistic, always adaptable and generally good-natured. You were born on the cusp of Leo and Virgo; the former, though giving way to the latter on the 22nd of August, still sways some influence for six days or so after. Leo is a fire sign and Virgo an earth one. The inspiration of the former is of the greatest value in arousing and developing the sometimes sluggish nature of the earth sign as the sun awakens the vegetation of the earth. Please don't quote Bernard Shaw to me, for I have not yet had time to make his acquaintance, and naturally the subject of his worth is beyond me. You have a quaint speculative turn of mind, and probably know your own merits exceedingly well. You look to me rather a creature of moods, an uncertain proposition as a rest cure. It is a hand of vital, bright, but erratic power.

Cam—Here's my hand, good boy! I've had all sorts of descriptions of correspondents, but you are the first to say you were once in the business of selling this paper in the streets. And you used to read this column and now feel as if you were writing to an old friend? So you are; though I almost have all sentiment shaken out of me, I keep a small corner of it for the little merchants who say "Paper, lady?" Perhaps before long I'll be down your way and you will look me up and tell me how fate is serving you in the larger walks of commerce or other business. Judging by your writing, there's no danger you'll miss success. It is enterprising, generous, adaptable, careful and frank; perception is bright and intuition lively, some tenacity and excellent clearness and sequence of thought are shown. The best trait is a canny attitude and general discretion. It's very unlikely you'd violate a confidence or go back on a promise or a friend. Good boy again—I think I shall some day get up a history of newsboys and their destinies. By all means write again if you wish.

Blue Nose—Hopeful, ambitious, buoyant and fond of beauty, harmony, and probably nature everywhere. You are practical and business-like, saving and capable of strong concentration. There is futile effort sometimes and plans that may come to naught, but on the whole a dash and vigor that should bring good results. Just a little trustful and not quite reticent enough. Your judgment and proportion are good, and you have a fair share of tact and sympathy. I think you have a fair opinion of yourself.

Enigma—Go easy, old man. It won't convince me anyone else of your superiority, if you talk about "pink-tea slush bulletins," especially if you don't spell 'em correctly. Read that part of the paper you find interesting, and believe that someone else might find it dull. It will broaden you a bit, and perhaps do you good. And so you are "Bohemian," and in the next sentence you say you'll blush on the day of judgment when the secret of your authorship of certain "crude" articles is revealed. Say! are you any relation to Bernard Shaw? I seem to have caught this flavor before. Well, there's no use laughing at you, is there? Your character will be, I think, a good deal better some years from now than it is already. I should say "God help me!" good and often, if I were you. Get into the real Bible, child. There's a queer old spell about it and it will sweeten and broaden and soften you until you will wonder you ever wrote the letter I am looking at this minute. Then I'll give you a study.

Don—March is not enough—I must

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have the exact day, please. Your writing shows concentration, sentiment, susceptibility, very great care for detail and conscientiousness; you would be easily influenced, and have sympathy, discretion and rather a conservative tone. The writing lacks experience, and would not suggest any dominant or initiative power.

Winifred T.—A very independent, unconventional and self-willed person, with splendid force and vitality and good ability. The disposition is generous but not sentimental, the nature practical and apt to insist upon rights and hold convictions and opinions rather firmly. It may easily be the writing of one who speaks first and thinks afterwards—blunt and to the point. Inspiration isn't very evident, the tone being somewhat materialistic and the attitude strongly assertive. Writer has culture and probably some artistic excellences.

Margaret—For over half a century you've been ambitious of some goal or other, and you have one yet unattained-to-day. Is it to rule others or to conquer yourself? September 30th brings you under Libra, the scales. Are you timid and apprehensive of danger to your people; so sensitive to conditions that inharmonious makes you sad and ill at ease; over-generous and equally careless whether you pay or are paid what is owing; kind, amiable and humane; impatient loving, devoted, fond of praise and approbation? Then you are what your writing suggests, a true Libra, and no pains you can take with yourself will be too much to do your abilities justice. Libra is indeed a lovely sign to work under. Solitude, deep communion, patient waiting and expectation of psychic strength, illumination and inspiration, this is the Libra part to perfection, thus are the wondrous scales balanced true. Libra is sensitive to influence and should guard against it by making all important decisions alone. Follow your own intuitions and you'll rarely be deceived.

Eltrym—I am afraid the 'phone interviews you mention were with some one else, as I have no remembrance of them. I am generally out of town at that season, and was very far off the year you mention. But, of course, one may have forgotten! What is the leaning? Is it perchance literary? Your writing shows a good deal of ease and facility of expression, light and rather uncertain purpose, with no desire to rule, but fondness for detail and some persistence and optimism. Your ambition is also strong and unrealized, and your nature generally conservative and rather cautious. September 9th brings you under Virgo, an earth sign (in next day on), which is called "the hidden fire of the earth." Order, method, healing power, solicitude about others' affairs; faithful champions, good planners, loving, aristocratic, very discriminating intellectually; recuperative, needing harmony for health, often literary. There are haphazard some of Virgo's traits. The faults are strong; domineering, interfering, criticising, toadying, dosing themselves, analyzing and judging too keenly, telling disagreeable truths, admiration for externals, exaggeration, extravagance, and disposition to condone their besetting sin. Poor Virgo, if she attends to that lot, surely she'll be busy! But she's worth it, good woman, just try it. Look only for good in everything, that's the secret.

F. M.—I should indeed advise you to be, as you express it, "discreet in your affections." I nearly laughed at your "American, somewhat tall and fleshy, with a loving and kind disposition." Is he an August baby, too? Now, see here! if you really do need guidance, as you say, let me tell you that August people are naturally blessed (or cursed according as they have sense or lack it) with a warm and sentimental nature, which is a constant menace unless controlled and spiritualized, when it becomes a glorious and beautiful dowry indeed. Leo men and Leo women are often easily led, and are too responsive to appeal of emotion. They would rather plan than work, and are by no means fond of detail. They are devoted parents, often fine, bright talkers, hot-headed, impetuous, fiery and passionate. There is a placid type of Leo women like a sleek cat, soft, purring and lazy, lying in the sun. They mate best with April or December persons.

Pour faire penser—I had not forgotten. You can get the information by telephoning to the proper department at Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park.

He—Don't bother me. I am trying to collect my thoughts. She—But I can't wait forever!

"People who haven't autos shouldn't run down those who have." "No, but it's still worse for those who have autos to run down those who haven't."

"Mr. Jingleby is angry with me." "The poet?" "Yes. I'd forgotten he wrote verse, and when he asked me who my favorite poet was, I told him Shakespeare."

Boy at telephone, talking to his distant chum—That you, Joe? I've been talking to the wrong number. Thought you was coo! Joe—Garn! You're thinking of the number of my motor-car!

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

Some side lights showing that Elections in Canada are comparatively tame affairs.

WE are a pretty slow crowd in Canada when it comes to running a general election. As one reads the London papers he is made aware that in Great Britain the whole people rise up and make things interesting. Even the women take hold. The Countess of Warwick, wearing the Labor Party colors, drove about West Ham in her motor-car and personally conducted many voters to the poll in support of Mr. Will Thorne.

The Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Lady Ridley, and Lady Sarah Wilson spent several hours on Saturday canvassing for Mr. Gray (C.) in West Ham (north). Their returns at the close of the day were most encouraging. The Duchess, who was charmingly attired in a dress of pale blue cloth, with ermine toque and ermine stole, called only on "dignitaries." Chatting pleasantly on the issues involved, her Grace was not at all averse to prolonging an argument where necessary in the kitchen, and as the result of her winsome endeavors secured a sheaf of definite promises.

Children are pressed into service. At one of Mr. Henry Norman's meetings in South Wolverhampton he was accompanied by his son, not yet nine years of age. In a clear voice the boy told an audience of a thousand people that he did not know how to make a speech, "but I think that as my father has been such a good father to me, he would make a very good member of Parliament for you."

"Vote for father," were the words displayed on a huge card held up at a meeting at Taunton by the tiny, golden-haired daughter of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the Liberal candidate for the borough. The little girl, who stood on the chairman's table and seemed to wonder what all the proceedings were about, was greeted with loud cheers and cries of "We'll vote for father!"

Lady Gwendolen Guinness assisted her husband, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, in his canvass of Haggerston on Saturday; and twelve little girls, their frocks covered with portraits of the Conservative candidate, went round parts of the constituency delivering handbills.

South St. Pancras Conservatives sent out two large open carts filled with little boys and girls waving cards and posters, which were soon torn to rags in the high wind.

Dogs and other friends of man are made to assist in English elections. A team of five French poodles gaily decorated with Lord Hugh Cecil's colors, red and white, was led by a lady along Nelson street, at Greenwich.

A mastiff and a toy terrier wore Sir George Bartley's colors, and made a mute appeal in North Islington for Unionism and tariff reform.

Even sparrows have been pressed into the work of electioneering. Many

of these birds may be seen flying about Hailsham, in Sussex, with little labels attached bearing the words "Vote for Sir Lindsay Hogg."

A thoroughbred donkey bearing on its back a handsomely-lettered coat with the words "Stranks is like me—thorough. Vote for Stranks," paraded the streets of Croydon. Mr. Stranks was the Labor candidate.

Talk about rowdiness and violence. In Toronto our people are cooing doves at election time compared with the ferocious British public. Nearly half-a-hundredweight of gravel and several large stones were hurled through the open door of Sir John Nutting's committee-room at Canning Town, on Saturday afternoon. Several of the stones were subsequently placed in the window, labelled, "Canning Town arguments."

Soda-water bottles, bricks, stones, and mud were thrown at Mr. Pollock, K.C., Unionist candidate for Spalding, as he left a meeting at Pinchbeck West with his wife last night.

Rats were let loose in the hall at Peterborough where a Liberal meeting was being held. Some fainting people were carried out, several disturbances were listed bodily over the heads of the audience and expelled from the hall.

Not only has Sir John Rolleston, the Unionist candidate at Leicester, been mobbed and refused a hearing, but at one meeting he was robbed of his watch and chain.

Sir Robert Purvis, the Unionist candidate for Peterborough, on leaving a hall at the conclusion of a meeting on Saturday night was pushed down and rolled in the mud. The police rescued him, but on his way to the hotel under the escort of the police Sir Robert was the target of mud and missiles. A number of Unionists were maltreated, and scores of hats were smashed. The mayor, who is a Liberal, has issued an appeal to the citizens to help to preserve order.

Mr. Lewis Evans, member of the Tariff Commission, managing director of John Dickinson & Co., was hoisted by his own factory employees when speaking for the Conservative candidate.

"Is this a political meeting?" shouted one of a number of worshippers who rose and left the Conway road Wesleyan Chapel at Cardiff yesterday morning as a protest against a sermon attacking the late Government.

The Chinese labor question played quite a part in the election. "Where's your pigtail?" was the salute which greeted every chauffeur in the Unionist service as he brought electors to the poll at Walworth.

Mr. Cremer, the Liberal candidate in Haggerston, in his final dash around the riding was accompanied by a man dressed up to represent a Chinaman—a living picture argument.



LIKES IT EVEN ABOVE HIMSELF.

Eugenia—Jack says he loves his automobile above everything else. Randolph—Yes; I've noticed he spends most of his time under it.

Apt.

Little Freddy has a quaint talent for description, and at times the things he says are distinctly out of the ordinary. Possibly that is why his father is less unpopular than the average man who recounts the sayings and doings of his offspring. A little while ago Freddy imported for some soda-water. It was a beverage he had never previously sampled, but with the fearlessness of his age, he insisted on trying it. "You won't like it," sighed his indulgent mother, as she poured out a glassful; "it has a most peculiar taste."

The youngster waved aside the objection, and gulped down the drink. "Yes, mummy," he said a moment later, "you're quite right. It is 'culiar. Why, it—it tastes like my foot gone asleep!"

A Marriage of Metals.

Binks—Is she rich? Winks—Rather. She's rolling in gold. Binks—And her fiancé—is he well off? Winks—Oh, yes—he's got heaps of brass. Binks—Hardly fair to call it a matrimonial alliance—more like a matrimonial alloy.—"Pick-me-up."

"Have you learned to manage your automobile?" "Perfectly," was her serene response. "I have run over two people and didn't hurt the machine a bit."

Gunner—You don't seem to have much faith in Dr. Lance as an appendicitis expert. Guyer—Faith? Why, I wouldn't let him cut the appendix out of my dictionary.



GOLD MEDAL For ALE AND PORTER

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

AT ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, 1904



Lady Gay's Column

THE conclusion of the recent action taken by "Town Topics" of New York, the rankest journal which ever prostituted cleverness to feed the decadent minds, against a weekly paper, the editor of which deserves a laurel wreath from reputable newspapers the world over, has been a revelation of the methods of the first-named sheet, which may or may not have shocked you, but which didn't in the least surprise me. One summer day, over a decade ago, a smart young man floated into this office, and I gave him pleasant greeting because of old comradeship. Presently he closed the door and told me he had a business proposition to lay before me. In plain English, he represented himself as the agent for "Town Topics," and wanted the ins and outs of the past life of several high-rollers of the period hereabouts. I wanted plenty of information, too, so before considering his offer of what to me would have been huge remuneration, I had a lot of questions to ask. If Mr. Jerome had come up here before that recent trial I might have given him a few more pointers, for the representative talked a good deal, and though I took his conversation cum grano salis, it seems, by last month's revelations, that he was telling truth like George Washington. Perhaps it counts to my love of human nature and faith in most of it, that I doubted. Perhaps also the eloquence with which I showed him the error of his judgment and the door, will count some day when loyalty and clean hands are in consideration. His note of shamefaced apology was the only dealing I've had with him since, but—here's the rub! In two or three weeks after, there appeared scandalous and largely untrue and insulting articles about some families then residing hereabouts. Evidently the representative was not discouraged nor dismayed by the fluency of my tongue nor the emphasis of my remarks as I scanned his vanishing coat-tails, for he continued his quest for a garbage-collector and results showed that he did not return to New York unsuccessful. The taste of a certain section of Gotham is for scurrility and filth, and the standard of decency gets so jugged up and down that many a fairly white-minded man or woman is mixed and confused enough to overlook what is palpably nauseous and vile for the sake of a passing cleverness in the presentation. No one denies that it takes brains, nerve and keen judgment to be a successful highwayman, but to defend that way of getting one's living is quite another matter. Just as a small sidelight, I might mention that some months after my interview with the smart young man from New York, a paragraph appeared purporting to be an account of an occurrence which took place at an official event here, in which "Lady Gay" was made to look rather like a fool, and which was enclosed to me by one of my well-meaning friends. In relating the story the writer described me as "an icy-toned Englishwoman"—"Tara-tara! Will our banshee kindly get after him in another minute! 'Icy,' indeed; 'twas torrid I was that day when he blew into the sanctum, and I'll leave it to my 'friendly readers' if that cold adjective isn't actionable. Needless to add that the alleged incident in which the 'icy' and 'stony' and 'offended Englishwoman' took part was one of the least objectionable flights of fancy of the frisky brain which skips through the ten commandments in "Town Topics."

The little woman held in her hand an invitation, sufficiently large to indicate its official and social importance. Her face was an alternation of hope and dismay, laughable and tragic at once. It was easy to see she gloried in her recognition by the powers that be, and dreaded the ordeal of meeting them. That was five years ago. Yesterday she received a similar invitation, with a careless glance and a return to her breakfast bacon. "What's that?" said hubby, peering across the table. "Just a card for —" said she tossing it across. "I s'pose we shall have to accept and send word we can't play bridge at —" as we arranged. Such a bore, isn't it? And yet—one doubts the theory of evolution!

Now that the revival meetings are over, one may remark that've been a blessing to several sorts of persons. Take, for instance, the "leaders of grey lives," the women whose narrow round of domestic duties binds them day after day, only varied by a plunge into the afternoon vortex of the departmental stores. They've had a whale of a time, singing, emotionalizing, revelling in an excitement at which the anti-theater fiends, the anti-dancing and junketing fiends dare not throw a stone. Sometimes a touch of the Divine has rested on them and astonished and glorified the quiet, sordid, stolid nature of them, but nearly always the excitement has been the attraction, and they have enjoyed it—and more power to them!—poor souls in narrow ways, with sunlight shut out and duties large



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and toilsome. They went in grim and quiet, and came out less grim but just as quiet, they had a good time, and if they forgot their customary patient or fretful acceptance of things, and bloomed out into an emotion they scarcely understood, no one jeered, and they got back into their shell safely. Somehow, I am glad they had their little afternoon and evening holiday; for the guid-man who would stare at one as if he feared she'd gone daft, should she ask him to stop at home and put the babies to bed while she went to a concert or a vaudeville, takes her suggestion of home-keeping with respectful alacrity if she is getting religion at a revival. He's a good sort who, while he doesn't feel the need of praying and singing for himself, is very willing that his wife and children shall take part in that occupation. Then there are many persons, men and women, without ties of affection in this town, yet with rich store of emotional feeling, which welcomes the chance to diffuse itself. To them the fervid utterances of the self-elected prophet at the revival, the chorus of "Love abounding," the atmosphere of temporary brotherhood, friendliness, concern from others, is as the genial floods of spring sunshine upon the fruitful earth. They have the best of good times, and are always among the testifiers and often the busy workers after the first few days. Once I played a great organ during part of a revival in a combustible community and watched from an exalted nook the progress of events. What I learned of methods and results on that occasion put me wise for the rest of my mortal life, and gave me excellent reason for saying that a revival is a good thing for a certain lot of people on the lines indicated above, but does no permanent benefit to any community.

LADY GAY.

The Way of Success.

The art of satisfying customers that the article they have been sold is precisely what is best for them is a great and valuable gift.

John Dubbs has made a big fortune out of it, and while he continues in his present methods it will become larger. A word as to these methods may be useful to those who want to get on.

One day a woman came into his shop. "Look here," she said angrily, "that rocking-chair you sold me yesterday was no good."

"How so, madam?" Dubbs asked. "Why," said the woman, "the rockers aren't even. As you rock, the good-for-nothing chair keeps sliding sideways all over the place!"

Dubbs threw up his hands. "What?" he said. "I'll discharge that stupid assistant! If he hasn't gone and sent you one of our new patent rockers, warranted not to wear the carpet out in one place. That style costs ten shillings extra."

But the woman had turned, and was already out of the store. "Mistake or no mistake," she cried, "I won't pay the extra ten shillings, and I won't return the chair either, so there!"—Answers.

Tommy—Pop, what are hiccups? Tommy's Pop—Hiccups, my son, are messages from departed spirits.

Glady's—Mamma, what is a "cursory glance?"

Mamma—It is the kind of look that your father gives when he wants to swear, but doesn't dare.

First Loafer—Did you help at the fire last night?

Second Loafer—Yes, a bit. I got out of the way of the fire-engine.

COVERNTON'S CARBOLIC TOOTH WASH

Good for decayed teeth; also good for sound ones, as it preserves them, hardens the gums, disinfects the mouth, sweetens the breath; also good for those having false teeth.

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"It excels any piano I have ever used,"—Albani.

"Reflects the utmost credit upon your house and upon Canadian skill and enterprise,"—A. S. Vogt, Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir.

Bare and empty statement of the merits of a piano can be made by the most insignificant manufacturer. It is open to anyone to declaim. But it is a very different thing to have artists like those whose own words we have quoted, and others such as Calve, Nordica, Galski, Plancon, Jonas, who have used this great Heintzman & Co. Piano, tell of its distinctive and supreme qualities.

A Piano That Costs More Than any Other but Excels All Others in Real Worth

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SMALL TALK.

It is generally understood that, for people who move about in the world to any extent, the possession of the faculty of small talk is one of the cardinal virtues. One of our leading lady novelists has been inventing a word to describe conversation of this kind; but what is really wanted most by the majority of people is not a word, but a whole vocabulary. The ability to talk and say nothing becomes increasingly difficult as educational advantages increase, it being the fact that people who have read and thought the least usually enjoy the greatest facility in the art of small talk. In country villages women who see each other every day and would seem to have long since exhausted all the available topics of conversation between them, will stand on their respective doorsteps and talk on a summer's evening by the hour together, and they will be so full of news that they usually talk as rapidly as possible for fear they shouldn't be able to get it all out in the time. You may occasionally see a couple of young men not overburdened with ideas talking to each other in the street, and they will find so much to say that they will walk backwards and forwards with each other and say it all over again rather than run the risk of having left any of it unsaid.

There is, of course, a good deal of difference between people who talk for the sake of talking, and those who talk reluctantly because the conventions require them to say something. For if you pay an ordinary afternoon call, it is for some reason considered to be quite impolite of you if you should fail to engage in brisk conversation with a lady who has been thrust upon you by a chance meeting. Yet the difficulties of sustaining a conversation of this sort have almost passed into a proverb among us. You know nothing about the lady and have no information as to whether her sympathies are Presbyterian, or vegetarian, or Conservative. She on her side knows no more of you, and yet you are expected to talk amiable nothings to each other for several minutes. I have often wondered why. In my old-fashioned way I have always assumed that speech is given to us so that we may communicate with each other on definite subjects incidental to our mutual welfare; and that when we have nothing useful to say we should—say nothing. You might as reasonably expect a man to put in all his spare moments with the telephone because it is a means of conversation and ought to be used as often as possible, as require him to talk for the sake of talking, directly he is confronted with someone who has ears to hear.

Seeing that conversation artificially sustained is voted a bore by those frank enough to admit the truth, I have often wondered why society does not revise its ruling and, instead of encouraging small talk, agree by a new convention to suppress it. If people on meeting each other find that they have nothing to say that they care to say, why not let them keep silent without losing their composure or running the risk of being charged with boorishness? We should soon get accustomed to the new conditions, and it would not doubt bring about a code of etiquette of its own time. You would be introduced to Mrs. de Tompkins, and after you had both expressed the pleasure that such a meeting gave you, Mrs. de Tompkins could produce a ball of wool and a couple of knitting needles, and you could fish a French novel out of your pocket and read quietly till one or the other of you had found something to say that was worth the time spent in saying it. If no subject of the kind occurred automatically you could after a certain interval take a respectful leave of Mrs. de Tompkins, and go on to another house to read the next chapter of your book. Except by contrast with what is regarded as "correct" nowadays there would be nothing impolite in such a proceeding, and its general adoption would probably be hailed as a blessed relief by quite a number of people.

At the Vatican.

The Vatican authorities have received remonstrances from several American bishops against the audiences granted by the Pope to Americans who, in the opinion of these bishops, were not worthy of the honor, which, it is added, created dissatisfaction among the faithful. The Pope has also been informed that among the persons presented to him, a few days ago, was an American woman who had been divorced. This irritated the Pontiff, who declared that such a presentation must not occur again. Two Americans recently refused to kneel when the Pope appeared. American applicants in the future must be recommended by their respective bishops, or have their applications supported by a recognized official in Rome.

Simple Larceny.

The colored physician not having been able to locate the malady and check it, a white physician was called. After looking at the patient a short while, the white physician inquired: "Did Dr. Jones take your temperature?" And the old colored auntie answered, "Ah don't know, sah; Ah ain't missed nothin' 'cept mah watch."

Anecdotal

One day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands and the teacher said to him: "Jamie, I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled that way. What would you say if I came to school with soiled hands?" "I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply, "I'd be too polite."

In Berlin the latest jest runs very close to lese majeste. A foreigner made some remark to a German as to the astonishing activity and enthusiasm of the Emperor. "Ah yes," said the Teuton, "the Kaiser is wonderful. At a christening he would like to be the baby, at a wedding the bride, and really I believe if he went to a funeral he would want to be the corpse."

At an old-fashioned hotel in London two gentlemen were dining when a dispute arose about a pineapple. One said it was a fruit and the other said it was a vegetable, and so a bet arose about it and they called the waiter. "John, what do you describe a pineapple as—a fruit or a vegetable?" John rubbed his hands and put his head on one side and said, "Neither, gentlemen, it is a hex-tra."

At a dinner party recently Mark Twain made a most amusing little speech. As the writer sat down a lawyer rose, put his hands deep into his trousers pockets—as was his habit—and laughingly inquired of those present, "Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?" When the laugh that greeted this sally had subsided Mark Twain drawled out, "Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

A gentleman who frequently visits Ireland generally stops and dines at the same hotel in Dublin. On his arrival one day recently he perceived a paper pasted on the looking-glass in the coffee-room with the following notice: "Strangers are particularly requested not to give any money to the waiters as attention is charged for in the bill." The man who had waited on him at dinner seeing him reading this notice said, "Oh, mister, sure that don't concern you in any way. Your honor was never made a stranger of in this house."

George D. Robinson, once governor of Massachusetts, was examining an applicant for admission to the bar who had failed in all the branches of law upon which he had been examined. Mr. Robinson asked him in his most kindly manner if he would like to be questioned further. "Well," replied the applicant, "I would suggest, if you please, that you try me on the statutes." "My dear young man," replied Mr. Robinson pleasantly, "I do not doubt that you are up on the statutes, but I doubt that you will succeed in the law. Suppose you should have the utmost familiarity with the statutes, what's to prevent the legislature from repealing all you know?"

It was at a religious gathering in one of the rural districts of Tennessee, during the Civil War. No rain had descended for many weeks, and everything was about burned up. A good preacher, whose heart and soul was in the cause of the South, made a prayer, closing with an appeal for rain, saying: "We need a refreshing shower, Lord. Send the blessed rain and revive drooping vegetation. We don't want one of those light, drizzly-drazzly rains, but a regular ground-soaker and trash-lifter, but not heavy enough, good Lord, to raise the Cumberland River so that the Yankee gumboats can come in and take Nashville."

He was a young and smart-looking Scots clergyman and was to preach a "trial" sermon in a strange church. Fearing that his hair might be disarranged or that he might have a smudge on his face, he quickly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry, "John, could you get me a glass?" John disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with something under his coat which, to the astonishment of the divine, he produced in the form of a bottle with a gill of whiskey in it, saying, "Ye mauna let on about it, meenister, for I got it as a special favor; and I wadna hae got it ava if I hadna told them it was for you."

One day in the United States Senate when Senator Beveridge was in one of his most eloquent moods, old Senator Pettus of Alabama got up and asked leave to interrupt. "Does the Senator from Indiana yield to the Senator from Alabama?" thundered the Vice-President. "Nothing," replied Beveridge, "affords or can ever afford the Senator from Indiana more pleasure than to yield to the distinguished and able Senator from Alabama, who never makes a speech himself or interrupts the speech of another Senator without adorning it with a brilliant radiance." Pettus stood there with his jaws wagging with the inevitable cut of tobacco until Beveridge had finished the sentence and then said: "Mr. President, I move we adjourn." And they adjourned.

"Seamen's return" tickets are issued by most British railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates. When a somewhat stylishly dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham, the booking clerk at a southern seaport town demurred. "Seamen's returns" are only issued to sailors," he snapped. "Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk; "how am I to know it is correct?" "How are you to know?" came the answer: "Why, your leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headboard you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in on your jaw tackle a bit." The station master had been standing near by.

"Give him a ticket," he said; "he's a sailor all right."

Mark Twain, during one of his lecture tours, was waiting at a station for a delayed train. The lecture committee and several townsmen were with him, and talking their best to pass the time away. One man told about a frightfully unhealthy town he had read about, and it was a gruesome tale of dying and burials and that sort. "It might have been worse," Twain followed, in his slow and direct manner; "I lived in that same town for two years, and I never died once. Not a single time." The way he said it seemed to daze the crowd, and not a man said a word in response. "Of course, you may think I'm lying," the humorist continued, "and I'm sorry, for I didn't, because everybody else that lived there is dead."

DEAD ON MOLOKAI.

HERE are some things in this civilization of ours which strike deep into the past, so deeply that they can never be uprooted, or burned away, or hidden from our sight in any manner. One of these is self-sacrifice. With the millennium's coming it will be done with, but not before. Till then we shall always admire the brave soldier, the gallant sailor, the unselfish missionary. The soldiers' cause may be a wrong one, the sailors' duty needless, the missionary mistaken. But self-sacrifice has no need of ultimate justification. It is by itself, admirable.

Some years ago the Rev. Dr. Charles McEwen Hyde wrote a letter in the Sydney "Presbyterian" (October 26th, 1889), in which he attacked the character of a fellow-missionary in Hawaii, a Roman Catholic, Father Damien. This letter drew from Robert Louis Stevenson, that famous apology for Damien which, quite incidentally, abraded Dr. Hyde's feelings to such a point that he has ever since attacked Mr. Stevenson in every way his narrow ingenuity could suggest. The whole discussion, now that Mr. Stevenson is some ten years dead, has been reopened, safely, by Dr. Hyde and his friends.

The latest judge of poor Father Damien is Frederic Rowland Marvin, who takes opportunity, in a collection of essays, to renew, not only the stories about the leper missionary, but to attack Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Marvin, after hearing Dr. Hyde's account, "in my study, at Great Barrington, Mass., where at the time I was pastor of the First Congregational Church," has this to say, in sentence: "Stevenson did not think the leper priest a great saint, nor did he hold him in his heart to be a hero. He knew better from the first, and his own letter convicts him of a gross lack of candor."

This frightful judgment on Mr. Stevenson is backed up by a statement that "Stevenson's description of Damien negatives all the praise he has bestowed upon him—these are his words: 'A man of the peasant class, certainly of the peasant type, shrewd, ignorant, bigoted, rough in his ways, indiscreet, officious, domineering, unpopular with the Kanakas, with a mania for doctoring, with slovenly ways and false ideas of hygiene, adhering to his errors with perfect obstinacy.'"

Mr. Marvin demands, eloquently, "Out of such material, what kind of a saint and hero can you make?"

We don't know, frankly, we don't. If we remember, Dr. Hyde said Father Damien was a self-sacrificing and anything but a saint. Which he didn't prove. Dr. Hyde and his friends are alive in their studies in "Great Barrington, Mass." Father Damien, "adhering to his errors with perfect obstinacy," is dead, at Kalaupapa, on Molokai, among the other maimed dead, among the habitations of the living dead whom he tried to help.

Printed Narcotic.

Reading is an anodyne to a large portion of those who read to-day. When few were educated, books were more of an exercise, less of a substitute for opinion. Along with other results of education, bad and good, goes the increase in books intended for the tired or vacant mind—the literary substitute for Peruna, musical comedy, or tobacco. Writing on this subject—perennial, but too important ever to be stale—Jerome K. Jerome objects strenuously to soothing-syrup literature. He is all for the book that makes us think, and he doubts whether China will be the gainer when fiction shall take the rôle now played by opium. If Mr. Jerome's appeal lacks moderation, it sets forth that aspect of reading which needs emphasis to-day. Not without significance is the fact that in another periodical the same month appears a similar declaration by the eminent Danish critic, Brandes. If sloppy newspapers and books could be fed only to those who would never think or feel with any worthiness, there would be no reservations needed in praise for the growth of reading habits. Unfortunately, a certain number, small or large, are affected by the general custom, and turn their reading into anodyne where, in different circumstances, it would have been air and exercise.—"Collier's."

Johnny—Paw, did Moses have the dyspepsia like what you have got? Father—How on earth do I know? What makes you ask such a question?

"Why, our Sunday-school teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets."

Citizen—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?

Juryman—Insanity. Citizen—Gee! The whole twelve of you?

Rodney—Why do you automobile men wear goggles?

Sidney—If I tell you, you'll tell Rodney—Never; honor bright! Sidney—Well, it's to hide that scared look in our eyes.



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MUSIC

"SAMSON" was a favorite work of its composer Handel, and is one of his most dramatic and stirring oratorios. It has been neglected for many years in Toronto, although it would be difficult to find a reason. The Sherlock Oratorio Society, in reviving it on Thursday evening of last week, are entitled to the thanks of that section of the musical community who are getting tired of hearing the same sacred works over and over again. Fortune was, however, unkind to the Society, for, on Thursday afternoon, when it was too late to make new arrangements, Mr. Sherlock received a telegram that Mr. Dan Beddoe, the New York tenor engaged for the role of Samson, had been taken ill, and would not be able to sing. Mr. Sherlock and the officers of the society were much disheartened by the intelligence, but they decided to do the only thing they could do in the circumstances, and that was to give the performance with the part of Samson left out. A compensation for the disappointment of the audience was the exceptionally favorable impression made by Miss Mabel Manly, a local soprano, who took the part of Delilah. She literally surprised the audience by the freshness and purity of her voice, by the neatness of her technical execution, the accuracy of her intonation, and the natural, unstrained style of her expression. It is not often that a local singer makes so great a success—a success which reflects honorably upon Mr. Sherlock, who has been her sole teacher. The hearer who was not delighted with her rendering of "With Plaintive Notes" and "My Faith and Truth," must have been hard to please. The other soloists were Miss Janet Spencer of New York, a contralto of smooth, mellow, warm-colored voice and a well trained singer, and Mr. William Harper, of New York, a baritone of uncommon vocal equipment and a finished artist, who in his rendering of the popular "Honor and Arms," won a distinct triumph. Mr. Sherlock was invited by some kind friends in the audience to sing the music of Samson himself, but as he had not studied the part he had to decline, no doubt, reluctantly. He, however, took part with Miss Manly in the duet "Traitor to Love," a good-natured concession, which was appreciatively recognized. The chorus shewed to advantage in the essentials of combined vocal work. Both the male and female voices were of good quality, although not numerically well balanced. And the singing was good, honest singing, and if there was a slight defect it was in the direction of insufficient emphasis upon the dramatic points of the score. There was a picked orchestra of about forty local musicians, who did satisfactory service in the accompaniments and in the overture. It was, however, scarcely weighty enough for a heavy chorus such as "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat." Mr. Sherlock proposes, it is informed, to produce "Judas Maccabeus" next season, and one can only hope that the fates will be more favorably disposed towards him on that occasion. He and his society have a worthy mission in view—to produce compositions that, while acknowledged masterpieces, cannot be undertaken by local societies whose activities are confined to works that are considered a necessity for annual performance.

The two great concerts of the year, so far as it has gone, were those given by the National Chorus and the New York Symphony Orchestra in Massey Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings. They will long linger in the mind with delightful memories of artistic enjoyment and satisfaction. On the first night the Toronto and New York associations offered a joint programme which included representative examples of Wagner's orchestral music, and Sir Frederick Bridge's cantata "The Flag of England," a setting of Rudyard Kipling's poem for soprano solo and orchestra. There are not many living composers who would attempt to write the music for a poem so crowded with imagery, but the Englishman, prompted no doubt by a national spirit, has essayed the task and has succeeded in producing a virile, energetic, varied, descriptive score in which is not wanting the occasional touch of pathos. The instrumentation is musically and attractive both in color and substance. The chorus in this, their chief effort, sang the work in a manner that proved that they had made a surprising advance in effective singing both in the sections and the mass since last season's concert. The sopranos were composed of singers with bright, fresh voices, the contraltos revealed rare power and fullness of tone, while the male sections, though not numerically strong, consisted of good material with the characteristic timbre of each. Technically their rendering of their music

period. Notwithstanding that the accompaniment was religiously subdued when the solo parts were in evidence, the volume of tone from so large an orchestra even when subdued, made the solo violin sound a little thin. It by no means follows that Miss Hall plays with a small tone, for I have noticed the same effect with such large toned players as the late M. Sainton, Herr Brodsky and others. Logically, the violins in the orchestral accompaniment ought to be reduced to those at the leading desks, as otherwise, the soloist feels overweighed by having to struggle against a tone which, similar to his or her own, is of tenfold volume or more. The fact is that if the orchestra were not rigorously subdued, the soloist would be inaudible during the greater part of the composition. Miss Hall played the first movement with its brilliant cadenza of shakes and arpeggios with rare precision and clearness, while bringing out the cantilena section with touching expression. The slow movement was rendered with charm of lyrical feeling and simplicity of style, while the finale was an achievement of sparkling staccati delivered with a surprising velocity that did not sacrifice accent or rhythm. As Miss Hall had to leave for Montreal by the 10:15 p.m. train, she was obliged to refuse the encore which was clamorously demanded by seven recalls.

The music of Mendelssohn's opera "Lorelei," which was left unfinished by the composer at the time of his death in 1847, will be sung for the first time in Ontario by the excellent chorus of the Toronto Choral Union, at Massey Hall on March 1st. The parts completed are—Finale to first act, where the heroine standing on the Lorelei cliff invokes the spirits of the Rhine; the vintagers' chorus and the "Ave Maria." The other numbers with orchestra will be Schubert's "Omnipotencia," "The Miller's Wooing," by Fanning. The unaccompanied numbers will be, "Chorus of Angels," Schubert, "Serenade," Neidlinger, "Ave Maria," Archadelt, two male choruses, "A Love Symphony," Damsch, and "Laughing Song," Franz Abt, and one ladies chorus, "Peggy," Neidlinger. Shanna Cumming of New York will sing one Aria, and one group of English songs, in addition to the solo parts in the opera. The orchestra will play the second movement of Schubert's Unfinished symphony.

Miss Abbie May Helmer had the privilege of playing a short programme to the distinguished conductor and musician, Mr. Walter Damsch of New York, on Tuesday afternoon last, when he expressed his pleasure and appreciation by saying "Bravo! Bravo! your touch and tone are beautiful, perhaps you can play a concerto when next I return to Toronto with my orchestra." Later, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Miss Helmer's master, received the following letter from Mr. Damsch:

King Edward Hotel,
January 30th, 1906.
Dear Mr. Forsyth—Permit me to congratulate you, sincerely, on the splendid piano playing of your pupil, Miss Helmer, whom I heard this afternoon. Her style is excellent, her technique brilliant and amply sufficient to enable her to give elevated expression to her fine musical qualities. Sincerely yours, Walter Damsch.

The spring term at the Toronto Conservatory of Music opens on Friday, the 2nd of February.

Mr. Victor Herbert has composed nothing for the musical comedy "Miss Dolly Dollars," the current attraction at the Princess Theater, that will add to his reputation. Speaking generally, the score suggests an easy effort to fill an order. The music has the merit of tunefulness, and one may mention as cases in point the trio, "The Self-made Family," and the song, "The Moon and the Moon." The scoring, so far as one can judge from the performance of the small orchestra, gives the impression of finish, suggests that the composer has not forgotten his experience as conductor of a brass band. Lulu Glaser in the star role is as individual and bewitching as ever, and fuses over the part in her own fetching way from beginning to end of the piece. The libretto and story are amusing, and better and fresher than many of the books which Harry B. Smith has written during the past few years.

Miss Elizabeth Topping will give a piano recital in Galt, February 9th, assisted by Mr. R. S. Pigott.

The usual Saturday afternoon recital was given at the Toronto College of Music last week. The following contributed: organ—E. Roy M. Robinson, Howard West, H. Roy

Robertson; piano—Florence Cook, Ada Beard, Ruth McCowan, Olive Hendershott; vocal—Mina Bryant, Leanne Spencer, Ruth McCowan, Elmer Ley. The teachers represented were: Mrs. R. A. Howson, Eveline Ashworth, Gertrude Anderson, T. C. Jeffers, W. E. Fairclough.

On Friday evening, January 27th, a piano recital was given by the junior pupils of Miss Gertrude Anderson, A.T.C.M. Following are the names of those who took part: Lynette Crocker, May Simpson, Evelyn Clarke, Dorothy Davidson, Merle Copp, Mary Jones, Emily Dean, Cathrine Organ, Marguerite Waddell, Evelyn Thompson, Muriel Millward, Howard Walker, Edna Marshall, Firenze Gilray, Edna Thompson, Edith Lund, Evelyn Bennett, Vera

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Any of the readers of "Saturday Night" owing to a weakness for Oriental Rugs will be warmly welcome to come to our carpet department where this collection is on display. Rather an elaborate arrangement of Arabian tents has been made by which to show these rugs with Oriental effect, and visitors will find the display intensely interesting if nothing further.

The discounts amount to sums so substantial, however, that home-owners and those who have new houses ready or under way should be glad indeed that this opportunity occurs just at this time.

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Waugh, Allyne Clarke, Marion Hodgson, and Rosalie Harriss. The pupils all showed careful training, and Miss Anderson is to be congratulated upon the success of the evening. Miss Margaret Smith, reader, (School of Expression), and Mr. Fred Hopkins, vocalist, pupil of Mrs. E. J. Hopkins, contributed to the programme and added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

A recital of much attractiveness was given on Tuesday evening at the Metropolitan School of Music, by Miss Edith Witchall, a piano pupil of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy. Miss Witchall is a young pianist of whom a good deal may be expected. Her tone at all times was warm and musical. This, combined with a clear technique, made her playing of the following programme a treat to the large audience: Beethoven, Sonata Op. 13; Chopin, Prelude in D flat, Valse, E minor, (Posthumous); Bartlett, "Love Song"; MacDowell, "To a Wild Rose"; "To a Water Lily"; Schumann, Preamble, Aveu, Valse Noble; Stojowski, "Gondoliera"; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor; Weber, Concertstuecke.

Mr. Hubert Calder, tenor, sang acceptably in his two numbers—"The Four Leaved Clover," Ball, and Liebelsied, Meyer-Helmund.

The Metropolitan Methodist Church intend inaugurating a series of Twilight Organ Recitals from 4 to 5 every other Saturday, and they have extended an invitation to several prominent organists to perform. Mr. Jordan of London plays next Saturday.

The cycle of concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, which takes place on February 13th, 14th, and 17th, is of such musical importance that it is to be regarded in the nature of a great musical festival. With the cooperation of such an orchestra as the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under the eminent composer and conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, and Mr. Vogt's magnificent chorus of over 200 picked voices, a performance of the works to be presented is assured which for perfection of detail and interpretation is hardly possible to be surpassed on this continent. In addition to several standard works which are seldom, if ever, heard in

Toronto, there will be a number of important works both concerted and "a capella," which will be presented for the first time. The plan for subscribers will open at Massey Hall on Monday next at 9 a.m., and for the general public on Saturday, February 10th, at 9 a.m.

CHERUBINO.

A most interesting and instructive lecture on "Educational Physical Culture" was delivered last week to a crowded hall at the Conservatory of Music. The speaker was Miss Adelaide Heath, director of Physical Culture at the Conservatory School of Expression. The lecture gave a scientific explanation of the effect of exercise in the tissues, circulation, muscles and vital organs, which results in mental as well as physical development. The reason was explained why systematic daily exercise was needed to develop beauty, health and endurance, and many practical suggestions were given as to the proper kind and amount of exercise.

One of the strong points of the lecture was, that Miss Heath herself was an embodiment of all that the lecture proved. She wore a most becoming and artistic gown carrying out the ideals held up for grace and womanly development. Much interest was added by the frequent use of charts, drawings and pictures.

A Highly Satisfactory Report.

The thirty-fifth annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the banking house of the institution in Toronto on Wednesday, January 31st. The report of the directors to the shareholders, including the annual statement, was of a highly satisfactory nature. For the year ending December 31st, 1905, the net profit, after making provision for bad or doubtful debts, was \$490,495.20. Four quarterly dividends of 2 1/2 per cent. were paid, making a yearly dividend of 10 per cent. During the year five new branches were established, and it is intended shortly to open a branch at Windsor, Ont. Mr. R. J. Christie was appointed to fill the vacancy on the Directorate caused by the death of Mr. William Ince. It was intimated at the meeting that the dividend for the ensuing year would be placed on a 12 per cent basis instead of 10 per cent. as formerly, which exemplifies the high standing of this institution.

Mrs. Cecil Gibson gave an exceedingly pretty bridge party on Wednesday afternoon with a few friends for tea after. The flower favors for each table were violets, roses and lily-of-the-valley and the prizes dainty boxes of choice sweets. The little affair was distinguished for elegance and taste in all the details.

Society at the Capital.

Congratulations from all points in Canada to Sir James and Lady Grant were in order on Monday, when they celebrated their Golden Wedding, surrounded by their sons and daughters and their families, who all made a point of being in the Capital for this happy family reunion. In the evening, the event was commemorated by a dinner, in which only members of the family took part, and besides the host and hostess those present were:—Dr. and Mrs. James Grant of Elgin Street, and their family, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Grant of Blackburn Ave., Dr. and Mrs. Harry Grant of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. George Major of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Cassils, Mr. Willie Grant of New York, and Miss Harriot Grant. Many beautiful floral offerings testified to the esteem in which this worthy couple are held, and His Excellency Lord Grey and Lady Grey, sent a beautiful large bouquet of lilies of the valley, accompanied by their photographs to which they had added their autographs. Roses from Mrs. Charles Harriss and violets from Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams were also among the many tributes of congratulation received by Sir James and Lady Grant, who, from present appearances, will probably celebrate many more anniversaries of their wedding-day.

Luncheons were decidedly in favor this week, and happened at the rate of two or three each day. Mrs. Drummond Hogg has been giving a series of this popular form of entertainment recently, and on Monday her guest of honor was Mrs. Clarence Burrill, one of this season's brides, and those invited to meet her were: Mrs. Norman Guthrie, Mrs. Leonard Vaux, also two of the recent brides; Mrs. George Bryson, Miss Gladys Irwin, Miss Marjorie Powell, Miss Clara Oliver, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Bee Burbridge, Miss Vera Toller, Miss Gwen Burn, and Miss Daisy Chrysler. Lilies of the valley, intermingled with pale pink roses made an exquisitely dainty table decoration. On Thursday, Mrs. Drummond Hogg again entertained in this delightfully congenial manner, when her guests included married ladies only, those invited being Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Charles Harriss, Mrs. Fitzhugh, Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mrs. Burbridge, Mrs. A. W. Fleck, Mrs. John G. Foster, Mrs. Gerald Bate, Mrs. E. J. Chambers, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, and Mrs. George P. Murphy.

Miss Marjorie Powell, who makes such a capital young hostess and who is noted for her charming little mid-day parties, added another to her list of successful events of the kind on Thursday, when a "yellow luncheon" was prettily carried out with the aid of numbers of beautiful daffodils, the same color extending to the shades, ices, bonbons, etc. Twelve of the bright and pretty girls who have recently "come out" partook of Miss Powell's hospitality.

Another of the delightful luncheons of the week was Mrs. H. Allan Bate's, on Thursday, when covers were laid for twelve guests comprised of Mrs. Bate's more intimate married lady friends. Daffodils and lilies of the valley transformed the table into a perfect dream of spring.

Captain Bell was also "dined" at the Rideau Club, by a coterie of his bachelor friends, prior to his departure for New York, en route for Florida, where he has gone to spend a short time.

Mrs. Onseley Rowley of Montreal, who has been in town for a week, with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Rowley, was the "bright, particular" guest for whom Mrs. Hugh Fleming gave the daintiest of little luncheons on Wednesday.

The Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, who are adding to their popularity every day by their sociable and winning manners and their unaffected friendliness with all the girls of the Capital, gave another of their cosy little teas on Wednesday, at Government House, when Lady Victoria Grenfell was present, as well as their guests the Ladies Beaulere, and those honored by being invited to meet these distinguished guests were: The Misses McLeod Clark, the Misses Fielding, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Marjorie Blair, the Misses Cartwright, Miss Alice Bell and Miss Winifred Gormally. Lady Sybil wore a most becoming gown of pink chiffon; Lady Evelyn was in green silk, with trimmings of old lace; and Lady Victoria Grenfell's gown was a lovely one of pink mousseline de soie.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier returned early in the week from their honeymoon which has covered a period of nearly two months, and was spent in the Southern States, and are now cosily settled in Lady Bourinot's house in Gloucester Street, which they have leased for the remainder of the winter, which Lady Bourinot will spend in British Columbia. Mrs. Fauquier held her post-nuptial reception on Thursday and Friday, the first day looking most radiant in a handsome gown of ruby silk velvet, with trimmings of rare old lace, and on Friday wearing the daintiest and most becoming gown imaginable, of pale blue silk crepe, made en princesse with a large bunch of fragrant violets on the bodice. The four young ladies who did the honors as bridesmaids for Mrs. Fauquier divided the pleasure of assisting her at her reception, and on Thursday Miss Crombie and Miss Gladys Irwin poured the tea and coffee, while on Friday, Miss Elsie Ritchie and Miss Ethel Jones did likewise for the unusually large number of visitors who thronged the pretty drawing-room during both afternoons.

Lady Cartwright's skating party,

Come On In

Neck and Shoulders above all competitors

OAK HALL

Canada's Best Dainties

TRADE MARK REG.

TWENTY-FIFTH Annual Statement OF THE North American Life Assurance Co.	
HOME OFFICE: 112-118 KING STREET WEST - TORONTO. For the Year Ended 31st Dec., 1905	
December 31, 1905—	
To Net Ledger Assets	\$5,945,368.68
December 31, 1905—	
To Cash for Premiums	\$1,354,607.50
"Cash on Investments, etc.	204,441.46
"Rent (less Taxes and all charges)	6,503.61
"Profit on Securities	2,718.03
"Special Deposit	3,790.13
	1,666,060.13
	\$7,609,428.81
RECEIPTS.	
December 31, 1905—	
By Expenses	\$144,822.34
"Commissions, Expenses and Salaries to Agents	252,556.59
"Payments for Death Claims	259,476.07
"Matured Endowments	53,230.00
"Surrendered Policies	37,769.34
"Matured Investment Policies Surrendered	22,438.21
"Dividends to Policy-holders	86,510.70
"Annuities	11,415.67
"Interest on Guarantee Fund	6,000.00
	943,135.57
	\$6,666,293.18
ASSETS.	
December 31, 1905—	
By First Mortgage on Real Estate	\$1,443,046.70
"Stocks, Bonds and Dispositions (in respect value \$4,387,699.71)	4,979,638.00
"Real Estate, including Company's Buildings (appraised value \$213,417.75)	167,644.15
"Loans on Policies, etc.	491,503.05
"Loans on Bonds and Stocks (mostly all on call)	383,877.10
"Cash in Banks and on hand	58,927.98
	\$6,666,293.18
"Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection)	48,947.38
(Reserve on same included in Liabilities)	
"Interest and Rents due and accrued	\$6,968,013.66
LIABILITIES.	
December 31, 1905—	
To Guarantee Fund	\$ 60,000.00
"Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund	1,447,717.69
"Death losses awaiting proofs	51,149.30
"Additional provision for expenses and other charges in connection with the business of 1905	10,000.00
"Half year's Interest Accrued on Guarantee Fund	3,000.00
"Dividends on Policies declared and unpaid	13,090.18
"Premiums paid in advance	1,313.39
"Interest on Policy Loans paid in advance	11,400.76
Net Surplus	370,010.43
	\$6,968,013.66
New insurance issued during 1905 (gross)	\$ 6,354,964
Insurance in force at end of 1905 (gross)	37,327,645
We have examined the Books, Documents and Vouchers representing the foregoing Statement and Balance Sheet, and also the securities in the latter, and certify to their correctness.	
H. D. LOCKHART GORDON, F.C.A. (Can.) } Auditors. JOHN H. YOUNG, F.C.A. (Can.) }	
President—JOHN L. BLAIKIE.	
Vice-Presidents—Hon. Sir W. R. MEREDITH, LL.D., E. GURNEY, ESQ.	
Directors—HON. SIR J. R. GOWAN, K.C.M.G., LL.D., K.C.; M. J. HANEY, ESQ., J. K. OSBORNE, ESQ., LIEUT. COL. D. McCRAE, GUELPH; JOHN N. LAKE, ESQ., W. K. GEORGE, ESQ., J. D. THORBURN, M.D., Medical Director.	
Secretary, W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Managing Director. T. G. McCONKEY, Superintendent of Agencies.	
The annual report, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, and containing a list of the securities held, and also those upon which the Company has made collateral loans, will be sent in due course to each policy-holder.	



Plain Tips
15c. Per Box

which has twice been postponed, owing to the extremely mild weather and consequent lack of ice, came off on Monday evening, January 20th, and was most enjoyable, the ice being in the most perfect condition.

Bridge had its usual fair share of attention during the week, and among those who chose this always

interesting and fascinating mode of entertaining were Madame Girouard, on Tuesday afternoon, when about fourteen ladies enjoyed a pleasant little game, and Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow, on Friday, when about twice that number spent the afternoon engaged in this pleasant occupation.

The Chaperone.
Ottawa, January 29th, 1906.

The Financial Page

It is generally conceded that an active and rising market for the prices of securities is the precursor of good times in trade and commerce. Taking for granted that this assumption is right, and with money conditions favorable, the people of this country are justified in believing that the period of prosperity which we have enjoyed in recent years is to be prolonged for some time. It is well-known by business men of modern times that fat and lean periods follow each other in succession just as they did in olden times when the most natural conditions prevailed. With all the new methods in vogue—the results of the advancement in science and art—these periodical changes from plenty to scarcity go on unrelentingly. The periods may be shortened or prolonged by favorable or unfavorable conditions, but they are inevitable.

The cycle of prosperity is still on, and the indications are that it is not yet at its full. The reorganization of capital, and the new capital brought into use for the extension and development of Canadian resources, tend to produce good times. The capital promotions last year in this country were greater than in any previous year. While this money is being spent in legitimate enterprises, giving work to an increasing army of laborers and mechanics—thereby causing its free circulation—there is no reason to fear any serious disturbance of confidence. While there appears to be a difference of opinion as to whether the general public are in Yankee securities, there is no evidence of a public following in Canadian speculative issues. The fact that no boom can be engineered in old favorites has been commented upon. Occasionally there has been an upward spurt, but it has met considerable stock and a reaction followed. But while there has been comparatively few speculative ventures, there has been a good demand for prime investments. People are discriminating more in their purchases, and it is a well-known fact that among financial interests in Toronto the situation is a very sound one.

Bank shares are again to the fore as favorites. The returns on such investments in many cases are less than four up to four and one half per cent. Why should they be bought then? Perhaps one good reason is that the officials of these institutions are making their securities more attractive to that growing class who are living on their income, by paying dividends four times a year instead of two. Among the banking institutions that have commenced this year to pay quarterly dividends are the Imperial, Montreal, Hamilton and Standard. At the Dominion Bank meeting of shareholders on Wednesday of this week there were hints thrown out that in future the quarterly dividends would be increased to three per cent. This was the cause of the advance of about nine points in the price of the stock, which sold up to 283, or the highest price on record, for the present capitalization. Other bank stocks which show high records this week are Imperial, Commerce, Traders, and Sovereign.

The earnings of the Dominion Bank last year were 16.34 per cent. on capital stock, as compared with 15.32 in 1904 and 15.03 in 1903. The Imperial Bank has of late years been showing larger earnings than that of the Dominion, and it is believed by many that this institution will before long be paying quarterly dividends of three per cent. The next declaration by the Dominion Bank will be towards the end of the present month, and three per cent is confidently expected. The selection of Mr. D. R. Wilkie for the position of President of the Imperial is a popular one, and ever since the name has been mentioned in this connection the demand for the stock has been active.

MacKay Common has been unusually active for some time past, and has made lots of money for those dealing in it. From a dividend point of view it looks high, but the rapid advance in price, which has surprised even insiders, leads to the belief that negotiations in the direction of a deal with telephone companies may be in progress. Detroit United has been bought liberally of late by Toronto people, and good things are expected of it. The stock is now above par.

Some profit-taking in a few of the more speculative issues on the Toronto Stock Exchange was indulged in on the first two days of the week, which caused prices to call off one to three points, but since then there has been some recovery in values.

The lower prices were in sympathy with the weakness of Wall street securities. There have been more or less selling by the pools there for a week or two past. The lower trend in values of Yankees is not unnatural. The follower of the market knows quite well how rapidly prices have advanced within six months. After such an upward movement it is only natural that profits should be taken. Some say that the late decline is due to the disturbance of confidence by legislative tinkering with the affairs of railway and financial institutions, and also to the fact that there is an absence of snow covering in the winter wheat belt, with a consequent possibility of a disastrous freeze over. These things, to my mind, are a pretext for the decline in prices, but not the real cause.

Money is easy in the domestic as well as American markets, and conditions are favorable. The earnings of railways continue to show expansion. The returns of the Canadian Pacific for December and for the first six months of the company's year are most encouraging. The net increase for December is \$683,914 in excess of the same month of the previous year, and for the six months net earnings increased \$3,042,651.

It seems to have escaped the mind of the daily financial writer that the downfall of the Chamberlain party in Britain is one of the greatest bull cards on American securities. England is the biggest consumer of the United

States products, and the market is practically an open one. The British people have for the present put their heel down upon taxing foreign imports, and the bulk of the surplus of America's products and manufactures will continue to find their way there. In passing, it may be as well to state that while some fears are expressed in Britain detrimental to capital, occasioned by the large increase in labor representation in Parliament, the price of Consols has risen about one-half of one per cent. within the past week.

Montreal, Feb. 1.

THE future of the Montreal Street Railway, with its half-dozen or more of loose, though tangible ends, is of all absorbing interest, financially, in this city at the present time.

Just how successful the Montreal Street Railway will be in heating all its irons and moulding them in fashions to suit themselves, are questions of the first importance. First, there comes the necessary legislation, just introduced in the local Parliament, whereby it is desired to greatly extend the Montreal Park and Island Railway, lines which operate throughout the Island outside the city of Montreal, and which are valuable feeders for the Montreal Street Railway system itself. Next is the reorganization scheme whereby the Park and Island will virtually become part and parcel of the Montreal Street Railway, the charter of the former only being maintained. Thirdly, there comes the paramount question of an extension of franchise by the city of Montreal.

While a franchise extension for a period of fifty years made a mighty howl a year ago, so great indeed that the City Council did not dare go on with the scheme, though the majority of the Council were at heart favorable, there is good reason to believe that it will be brought before the incoming Council, which was elected last week, and there is also good reason to believe that it will receive favorable consideration.

Of course this extension of franchise will cost money, about \$100,000 per annum now, and a quarter of a million yearly in the later days of its life (all in addition to present payments made the city), but still it will mean the absolute exclusion for a half century of all competition, and this from the viewpoint of the management, is well worth while.

With the bill through the Legislature and an extension by the City Council, the Montreal Street Railway will have its decks cleared for action, and a big, round, rosy apple will be cut for the benefit of the stockholders; for the expenditure for the five years to follow, on extensions, car equipment and all that goes to make up a greatly augmented service, will cost in the neighborhood of five million dollars, in addition to the usual maintenance account.

To provide this amount and others accruing from the reorganization of the Montreal Park and Island, and incidentally paying off \$600,000, which is now due the Montreal Street Railway from the first-named corporation, will require a large issue of bonds and stocks, one or both.

That there will be an additional stock issue goes almost without saying, and naturally the present holders will benefit very largely. This is, perhaps, the chief reason why Montreal Street has of late taken such prominent place on the local Stock Exchange and why the price has been advanced by leaps and bounds.

There is, however, one other reason, and this is the persistent "bulling" of Mr. Rodolphe Forget, the junior member of the brokerage firm of Forget & Co. The younger Mr. Forget, as it happens, is in a peculiar position, a position which could hardly be more advantageous. The senior Forget, his partner and uncle, is the President of the Montreal Street Railway, and seemingly everything which emanates from the younger Forget pertaining to Montreal Street Railway matters has at least the appearance of authority, while as a matter of fact it has no authority whatever.

With the aid of a couple of Montreal dailies, Rodolphe Forget began to boom Montreal Street Railway. Of course there were some reasons for it—those which have already been referred to—but at the same time he originated "bulling" arguments which would have counted for nothing except as coming from the source they did.

The management of the Montreal Street Railway itself frowned down upon these "bull" arguments which were cast abroad by Mr. R. Forget through the daily papers referred to, and each and every one, officers and directors, either disclaimed all responsibility or else gave them flat denial.

This "bulling" process went on until the stock was brought above the 250 mark. Then it stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and the reason assigned is that Rodolphe Forget was ordered, or at least requested by the executive head of the great enterprise, to call off his dogs. The phase is an interesting one, and it indicates how at times a great brokerage house and a great corporation may work at cross purposes.

"Why is it that Montreal Power, a great corporation, with a great city to feed it dividends, should be hanging around the nineties?" asks a correspondent.

The question brings up some interesting points. The chief reason which can be assigned is the unpopularity of the company among the citizens. The Street Railway is a Giant monopoly, but it has many warm friends among the citizens, who speak of it proudly as one of the best street railways on the continent. But for the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company no one ever heard a word of commendation from citizens at large; and everybody, at all times and in all seasons, is prepared to damn the service and slant the officials.

The reason for this peculiar state of affairs is to be found at the fountain head. The President of the company, one of the best fellows in the world when you finally succeed in knowing him, lacks "savvy." Mr. H. S. Holt, while wise and sagacious, prudent and deep-thinking in many things, is probably the most imolitic man that ever headed a great corporation. Without mincing words, he tells a man that he is a fool or a liar, and nine times out of ten Mr. Holt is perfectly correct in his judgment, but it does not always do to be undiplomatic enough to tell the truth.

Then, again, he is too straightforward a business man to temporize over a question which he may settle to his own satisfaction in two or three short words. This has been the method adopted with the Montreal City Council, whom, it must be admitted, has made many fool proposals to the Power Company, but being told so in that many words does not tend to make it easier for the latter corporation to maintain itself.

Another reason which tends to keep power down to its present figure is the improbability of an increase in dividends. The stock is at present paying four per cent. per annum, and the statements say, earning eight, but there are sink-holes to fill in, of which the public at large have little information.

For instance, it is well-known to insiders that the power plant at Chambly, on the Richelieu River, which was taken over some years ago, has been a costly experiment, and stands then to-day at least twice what the entire plant could be constructed for, if the work had to be all done over again. The foundations of the mighty dam were insecure, one costly bit of masonry after another had to be rebuilt, until now it is said by those who should know, that a half million dollars would not pay the additional expense, and this does not show on the annual statements.

The inference, therefore, is that much of the surplus profit has gone into making good this deficiency, all unknown to the stockholders, and the conclusion is reached that this is likely to go on for some little time to come.

To January.

Now you have come and left your gift,
I'm doubtful of the boon,
And wish to ask what vagary
Told you to mimic June.

What right had you to balmy airs,
Bare fields and rains and dews?
No one with resignation bears
This changing of your views.

For years I've thought your heart
was set
On wintry wind and snow,
I've seen you cold, but never yet
With so much warmth a-glow.

By this you've challenged Winter's
sway,
The last and worst of treasons!
The year expects you to obey—
Not play the deuce with seasons.

Perhaps you think you've done us
good?
You haven't nipped our noses,
And I'll admit you've warmed our
blood,
But you haven't cheapened roses.

Ah, no, you've made a grand mistake,
Blood heat is not your goal,
Of summer's part, a frost you make,
Severity's your rôle.

So next time that you come on stage,
Be snugly clad in furs;
For thick, warm cloaks become your
age,
Not silken gossamers.

Remember this, my fickle friend,
We'll laud you as a hero
From your first entrance till the end,
If you only bring us zero.

The College Widow.

By George Ade.

When I was but a freshman—and
that was long ago—
I saw her first, but did not know her
name;

She was at a lecture, I believe, in the
first or second row,
And the junior with her seemed to
be her flame.

He held her fan all evening, and
gazed into her eyes;
Thought I, "Now they're engaged, or
soon will be."

But afterwards they quarrelled, as
I learned with some surprise,
When the faculty conferred on him
G.B.

That very spring a rumor in the col-
lege circles spread
That a senior had her young affec-
tions snared.

And after he had graduated then the
two would wed,
'Twas even said her trousseau was
prepared.

But this was surely a canard; when
I returned next fall
She had a young professor on the
string;

He used to send her flowers and fre-
quently would call,
And kindly turn her music when she'd
sing.

The "Prof." received an offer from
some college in the East,
And left quite unexpectedly one day;
Within a week the charmer was
grieving in the least.

When I saw her with a freshman at
the play,
She had a gay flirtation with a special,
taking art;

I went with him to call one Sunday
night;
He kindly introduced me, then I
played a villain's part.

For I made a dash and knocked him
out of sight,
Oh! charming college widow, I never
can forget

The night when you put on my col-
lege pin;
I pressed your hand and told you
that the act you'd not regret,

And you said you'd stick to me
through thick and thin.
I remember still the picnics and that
moonlight promenade,

Just the night before I paid for my
degree,
When we exchanged such sacred
vows and declarations made

That we'd love each other through
eternity.

I heard from you quite often; I
liked your letters, too;
They were spicy and chuck full of
college news;

But the interval between them soon
became a month or two,
And our courtship seemed its interest
to lose;

I didn't write for full three months,
and one day I received,
By express, collect, each lovesick bil-
let doud,

And though I swore that I had been
jilted and deceived,
I returned your letters, paid the
charges too!

Last commencement I revisited the
scenes of college life;
Six years had brought about a won-
derous change.

I knew a few professors who were
glad to meet my wife,
But the students all seemed out of
place and strange.

There was little to recall to me the
olden time so sweet,
And so it was a pleasure, you may
know,

At the field-day exercises unexpected-
ly to meet
An acquaintance of the happy long
ago.

She looked but little older, her laugh
was just as gay;
Beside her was a gallant sophomore,
Who held her parasol aloft and
gushed the self-same way.

That I had doubtless done in days
of yore,
I merely tipped my hat; I feared to
introduce my wife,

For I knew that some remark might
lightly fall
Revealing to my better half a chapter
in my life

Which I'd rather she should not sus-
pect at all.



New Arrivals in Antique Persian RUGS

We have just received a new, large shipment of rare and
Antique Persian Rugs direct from the Sunrise Land. Every rug
in this unique collection is a masterpiece, silky and exquisite in
coloring.

Our store has the reputation of always carrying the finest
and rarest collection of Antique Persian Rugs in Canada.

Connoisseurs and those in want of fine Oriental Rugs are
cordially invited.

Some of these Rugs can be sent on approbation to our out-
of-town patrons.

Courian, Babayan & Co.
40 King St. East, Toronto.

THE DOMINION BANK

Proceedings of the Thirty-fifth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders.

The thirty-fifth Annual General Meeting of the Dominion Bank was held
at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, January
31st, 1906.

Among those present were noticed: Dr. Andrew Smith, Hon. J. J. Foy,
K. C., Messrs. J. G. Ramsey, Barlow Cumberland, W. R. Brock, R. T. Gooder-
ham, H. C. Hammond, Cawthra Mulock, E. B. Osler, M. P., David Smith, R. J.
Christie, J. M. Bond, A. W. Austin, F. J. Harris, Ira Standish, E. C. Burton, A. R.
Boswell, John T. Small, J. Bruce Macdonald, W. Mulock, Jr., Sidney Small, J.
Gordon Mackenzie, J. Gordon Jones, F. J. Stewart, Wm. Ross, W. G. Cassels,
George D. Scott, N. F. Davidson, W. H. Cawthra, J. A. Proctor, David Kidd, F. D.
Benjamin, J. F. Kavanagh, S. Samuel, W. C. Harvey, W. Dixon, C. Holland, F. J.
Phillips, Wm. Davies, H. W. A. Foster, W. C. Crowther, E. W. Langley, H. S.
Harwood, R. M. Gray, Richard Brown, Henry Johnson, Wm. Spry, W. Glenney,
Frank H. Hill, John J. Dixon, G. N. Reynolds, F. C. Taylor, F. G. Hodgins, W. C.
Lee, F. E. Macdonald, John Stewart, Thos. Walsley, T. G. Brough, and others.
It was moved by Mr. W. R. Brock, seconded by Mr. A. W. Austin, that
Mr. E. B. Osler do take the chair, and that Mr. T. G. Brough do act as secre-
tary.

Messrs. A. R. Boswell and W. G. Cassels were appointed scrutineers.
The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and
submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as fol-
lows:

To the Shareholders:
The Directors beg to present the following Statement of the result of
the business of the Bank for the year ending 30th December, 1905:
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1904, \$134,572.54
Profit for the year ending 30th December, 1905, after deducting
charges of management, etc., and making provision for
bad and doubtful debts 490,495.20

\$625,067.94
Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., paid 1st April,
1905 75,000 00
Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., paid 3rd July,
1905 75,000 00
Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., paid 2nd Oct.,
1905 75,000 00
Dividend 2 1/2 per cent., payable 2nd Jan.,
1906 75,000 00
Written off Bank Premises 75,629.87
\$75,629.87

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward \$249,437.97
With deep regret your Directors have to record the death, which occur-
red in October last, of Mr. William Ince, who had been a member of the
Board since 1884. The vacancy was filled by the appointment of Mr. R. J.
Christie.

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the past year in Hespeler,
Ontario; in Winnipeg, at No. 642 Portage Avenue, and at the corner of Notre
Dame and Nena streets; and in Toronto at the corner of Dovercourt road and
Bloor street, and at the Union Stock Yards.

Premises have been secured in Windsor, Ontario, and a branch will short-
ly be opened there.

All branches of the Bank have been inspected during the year.
Toronto, 31st January, 1906. E. B. OSLER, President.

The Report was adopted and the thanks of the Shareholders were ten-
dered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services, and
to the General Manager and other Officers of the Bank, for the efficient per-
formance of their respective duties.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year:
Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, R. J. Christie, T. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K. C., M.
P., A. W. Wilmot, D. Matthews, and E. B. Osler, M. P.
At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. E. B. Osler, M. P., was
elected President and Mr. W. D. Matthews Vice-President for the ensuing
term.

GENERAL STATEMENT
Liabilities.
Notes in circulation \$2,651,956 00
Deposits not bearing interest \$4,390,832 67
Deposits bearing interest (including interest ac-
crued to date 24,692,275 74
\$4,415,524 41
Balance due to London Agents 694,169.84
\$4,415,524.41

ASSETS.
Specie \$1,084,210 73
Dominion Government Demand Notes 2,455,477 00
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security
of Note Circulation 150,000 00
Notes and Cheques on other Banks 1,842,022 49
Balances due from other Banks in Canada 899,243 18
Balances due from other Banks elsewhere than in
Canada and the United Kingdom 968,345 25
Provincial Government Securities 91,010 25
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or
Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other
than Canadian 669,160 76
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks 2,649,334 23
Loans on Call secured by Stocks and Debentures 4,417,263 70
\$15,026,076.59
Bills Discounted and Advances Current 28,564,199 67
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for) 235 00
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank 6,000 00
Bank Premises 800,000 00
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads 7,128 70
\$29,377,663.87
\$44,403,739.96

Toronto, 30th December, 1905. T. G. BROUGH,
General Manager.

LOTS FOR SALE.
High-class Residential Lots for
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SITUATION WANTED.
Situation wanted by young widow
without incumbence as companion
to a lady of means; good needle wo-
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Honors falling thick and fast for

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

Mesdames Galski and Nordica, two of the world's famous artists, are of the same opinion as to Canada's great piano. They have both VOLUNTARILY used and endorsed the **Gerhard Heintzman**.

Honors are falling thick and fast these days on our famous instrument. Mons. Raoul Pugno, the great pianist, who charmed a representative musical audience in Windsor Hall, Montreal, a few days ago, said this to say of the Gerhard Heintzman piano which he used on that occasion:

I am most delighted with the instrument; it is equal to anything I have played upon either in this country or Europe. I had no idea you could make such artistic pianos in Canada.

Our salesrooms contain a complete assortment of our own new and original designs as well as the reliable

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Hamilton Salesrooms—127 King St. E.

Shakespeare Festival Massey Hall Feb. 5

THE

Ben Greet

Players, 40 in Number,

in the following plays of the great bard.
Mon. and Fri. Evgs.—"MACBETH"
Tues. Evg.—"Much Ado About Nothing"
Wed. Aft. and Sat. Evg.—"JULIUS CAESAR"
Wed. Evg. and Sat. Aft.—"Merchant of Venice"
Thurs. Evg.—"HENRY V."
Prices—\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c.

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EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. M. Moody is now comfortably settled in her new home, No. 272 Rusholme Road, and she and Miss Moody will be at home to their friends on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, the 7th and 8th, and during the season on the first Friday of the month.

Mrs. Heaven has not received in January, but will be at home on Fridays for the rest of the season.

Next Wednesday evening, at McCone's, the 94th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens will be commemorated by a banquet of the local branch of the Dickens Fellowship. Lovers of the novelist, whether members of the society or not, are invited to attend this function. Tickets may be had from the Honorary Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. Pennell, 214 Gerrard street East. Besides the banquet, there will be a very interesting programme. Professor William Clark has chosen as his subject "Dickens' Place in Literature." Dr. J. T. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison, will speak on "Dickens and Prison Reform." Dr. J. S. Hart, on "The Doctors of Dickens." Rev. W. H. Hincks, on "The Religious Sentiments of Dickens." Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, Mr. J. W. Bengough and Dr. Malcolm W. Sparrow will also take part. An orchestra has been engaged for the occasion, and a delightful evening is anticipated.

Mrs. and Miss MacGillivray have returned to their home, 5 Cawthra Square, and will receive on Monday next. Miss Leslie of Montreal is Mrs. MacGillivray's guest.

Dr. William Sloan, Treasurer of Parkdale Presbyterian Church, Dunn Avenue, received a pleasant surprise a

few evenings ago at his residence, from the Board of Managers, in the shape of a handsome pair of curling stones, bearing the inscription, "Presented to Dr. William Sloan by the Managing Board of Dunn Avenue Presbyterian Church, Toronto, January 1906." The presentation was made by the Chairman, Mr. H. M. Mulholland, on behalf of the Managers, in an eloquent and witty speech, to which the Doctor replied. Rev. Mr. Geggie, the pastor, who was present, also said many nice things to Dr. Sloan. Refreshments consisting of coffee and cake were served by Mrs. Sloan, after which the good old Scottish song, "Auld Lang Syne," was sung, and the company dispersed. "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again."

The second annual At Home for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society will be held in the Temple Assembly Hall on February 10th, at half past eight o'clock. The patronesses are: Mrs. J. P. Whitney, Mrs. R. A. Pyne, Mrs. F. J. Glackmeyer, Mrs. J. McGillivray, Mrs. O. B. Sheppard, Mrs. A. F. Rutter, Mrs. J. T. Gilmour, Mrs. Harley Smith, Mrs. J. A. Murray, Mrs. F. F. Manley, Mrs. A. L. Eastmure, Mrs. Percival Leadley, Mrs. Milton Muldrew, Mrs. J. R. Stratton, and the committee includes Dr. Harley Smith, Dr. Ashton Fletcher, Dr. Marlow, Mr. Arthur Doherty, Mr. A. L. Eastmure, Mr. Milton Muldrew, with Mr. Harry Beecher, as Secretary-Treasurer. His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, and Mrs. Mortimer Clark are special patrons of this dance.

Mrs. William Shakespeare, Jr. (née Scadding) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday afternoon, February 7th, at her residence, 74 Henry street.

Mrs. Lumbers and the Misses Lumbers of Metcalfe street gave a tea on Thursday of last week. The table was prettily decorated with red roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Annie Cooper of Brampton, Miss Lisle Jenkins, Miss Lamb, Miss Ethel Lamb, Miss Irene Thompson, and Miss Wheeler assisted.

An exhibition of fifty paintings in oils, pastels and water-colors, by Mary Hiester Reid, A.R.C.A., and Sydney Strickland Tully, A.R.C.A., will be held at Mackenzie's Art Gallery, No. 95 Yonge street, opening February 3rd, 1906.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place in Sunderland when Miss Margaret McFarlane, only daughter of the late Matthew Reid, and Mr. R. W. McKinnell, Mayor of Pinoka, Alberta, were married. The ceremony was performed at 3.30 on January 30th, the Rev. Horace Peckover officiating. The bride, who was unattended, was given away by her uncle, Mr. Robert Reid of "Maple Cliff," Ottawa. The bride carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern, and looked exceedingly pretty in white point d'esprit over taffeta. The house was artistically decorated with carnations and smilax. Many useful and beautiful presents were received of china, silver and cut glass. After the reception and dejeuner, Mayor McKinnell and his bride, (whose travelling gown was of mulberry chiffon broadcloth), started, amidst a shower of confetti, flowers and good wishes, on a trip to New York, Boston and points east. Among the guests present were friends from Nova Scotia, Ottawa, Toronto, Orillia and Uxbridge. The Mayor and Mrs. McKinnell will be at home at Pinoka after March 1st.

Mrs. Alec Robertson of Bedford

Road gave a tea for the Misses Park on Wednesday at which a bevy of charming girls assisted, the table glowing with deep red tulips and sashes of red ribbon, the ruddy shades on the candles accenting the cheerful effect, and the company with one or two exceptions being girls, whose youthful spirits make a tea a very jolly affair. Mrs. Hector Reid, just out from England with her husband, was a guest much welcomed.

Mrs. Buntin, 93 St. George street, gave a large and well-arranged tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Boone of Bloor street east is giving a luncheon and bridge on Wednesday next.

The Countess Ruffaie and her son René have been in town since Wednesday stopping at La Futaie, Jarvis street, during their visit.

Mrs. J. Frazer Macdonald (née Lansing) leaves this evening for a two-months visit to friends in Colorado.

The interesting visitors to Government House on Wednesday afternoon, the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers and their "wives and sweethearts," crowded the handsome rooms about five o'clock and were cordially received by His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and attentively looked after by the houseparty.

Particulars of a very smart bal ponde given on January 18 in the Orphans' Hall, Waterloo, by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hespeler, for their daughter Ethel and her guest, Miss Canfield of Simcoe, reached me too late for consideration last week. The Hall was artistically decorated with colored bunting and flags and the corners stacked with palms and flowers. Red lights gave a pretty touch to the beauty of powdered heads, coiffures in the style of bygone days. The gowns were most artistic and suitable to the general tone of the event. Mrs. Hespeler wore black chiffon embroidered in pink roses over taffeta, with some fine diamonds and pink flowers. Miss Canfield wore pink flowered net. Miss Canfield black, with pink roses in a huge bouquet. Their patches and powder were becoming in the extreme.

Mrs. Walter S. Andrews entertained a cosy party at the tea hour on Thursday.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES.

In denominations, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, with equivalents in foreign monies printed on each. No discount. No delays. Accepted by principal Hotels, Banks, S.S. Companies, etc., all over the world. Issued by Dominion Express Company, Yonge & Wellington Streets, Toronto. Call or write for full particulars.

The Rhodes Scholarship Winner.

Mr. R. C. Reade, who closed a brilliant career at the University of Toronto last autumn, is being congratulated upon having been awarded this year's Rhodes scholarship, which means that he will go to Oxford next fall and spend three years at that historic English University, being provided with \$1,500 a year for



MR. R. C. READE.

his tuition and bodily comfort. Not only scholarship, but proficiency in sports, and certain qualities of heart and mind are considered in making the selection, and with students and sportsmen, among whom Mr. Reade is familiarly known as "Bobby," his nomination is extremely popular. One Rhodes scholarship is available yearly in each province of Canada, and in each American state. It is worth noting, in this connection, that a large number of scholarships are vacant in the Republic, for the reason that in certain states students have not been produced yearly who were in all respects worthy of the honor. Mr. Reade for some months has been attached to the editorial department of "Saturday Night." The course at Oxford commences on October 14.

JAMESON'S WHISKEY.

Injunctions Against Southern Traders.
Yesterday in the Chancery Division, before the Master of the Rolls, Messrs. John Jameson and Son, whiskey distillers, Dublin, sued Daniel Deasy, Mill Street, Clonakilty; Cornelius Murphy, Castle Street, Bandon; and Johanna McCarthy, Mill Street, Clonakilty, each of whom carries on the business of a publican, to obtain injunctions restraining them from selling in bottles bearing the plaintiffs' labels, whiskey which was not of the plaintiffs' manufacture. The plaintiffs alleged that the whiskey so sold was an inferior class of spirit and its sale under a false description was a fraud on the public.

Mr. Matheson, K.C., and Mr. Gerald F. Brunsell (instructed by Messrs. Read and Macnab), appeared for plaintiffs.
In Deasy's case Mr. Norwood (in-

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15,000 PRINCESS VIOLETS, SINGLE

VERY FINE AT UNHEARD OF PRICES. 25 IN BUNCH

10,000 EXTRA FINE Double Violets

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structed by Mr. O'Brien, consented to an injunction, and no order was made as to damages pending a settlement.

There was no appearance for McCarthy, and the court granted an injunction, together with an inquiry for damages.

In the case of Cornelius Murphy an injunction was also granted, and Mr. Jefferson (instructed by Messrs. Wynn and Wynn), consented on behalf of the defendant to pay £50 in respect of damages and costs.

From the "Daily Express," Dublin, Thursday, January 18th, 1906.

Farewell to January.

January, Nineteen-six, You have brought us balmy days, Morns all damp with April tears, Evenings with a purple haze.

Our toboggan's put away, Skating is a pastime rude, Sleigh-bells' tinkling sound is hushed, Ice-boats are a trifle crude.

Skies of all unclouded blue! Ah, our hearts with gladness fill, While the furnace fires are low, And the coal-bill's lower still.

February may be harsh, Put us in a frosty fix; Summer's dreams all go with you, January, Nineteen-six.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
GORDON—Toronto, January 27, Mrs. H. D. Lockhart Gordon, a son.
MORRIS—Grimsby, January 23, Mrs. J. S. Morris, a son.
PROCTOR—Woodstock, January 21, Mrs. H. Proctor, a son.
WRINCH—Toronto, January 24, Mrs. Warwick Wrinch, a daughter.

Marriages.
LYLE-HARPER—Chatham, January 17, Jessie Harper to Frank B. Lyle.
VAN EVERY-DOWNEY—Toronto, December 30, Emilie Downey to Ward Hamilton Van Every.
WESTWOOD-THORNE—Toronto, January 31, Millie Thorne to Leon Westwood.

Deaths.
FITZPATRICK—Toronto, January 29, W. H. Fitzpatrick, aged 74 years.
WEIR—On January 18, at Riverside, Cal., Julia Imogene, beloved wife of R. Archibald Weir, of Nelson, British Columbia, and youngest daughter of the late George L. and Imogene Shaw Krebs. Burial was in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md., Friday, January 26, at 3 p.m.

DARLING—Toronto, Saturday, January 27, William Darling, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darling, aged 4 weeks.
BELL—Toronto, January 28, George R. Bell, aged 24 years.
HANSBOME—Toronto, January 28, Martha Sophia Hansbome.
LEPPARD—Toronto, January 28, Bruce Leppard, aged 7 years.
MORSON—Toronto, January 26, Mrs. Georgina Morson.
McBREARTY—Toronto, January 28, John McBrearty, aged 81 years.
OSLER—Kingston, January 27, Mrs. Edmund F. Osler.
SLOAN—Toronto, January 25, John Sloan, aged 44 years.
SULLIVAN—Toronto, January 25, Cornelius Sullivan, aged 63 years.

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